

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Bibliotheca Susseriana; a Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books contained in the Library of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, in Kensington Palace.* By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S. &c. &c. Imperial 8vo. Vol. I. in Two Parts. London, 1827. Longman and Co., Payne and Foss, Harding and Co., H. Bohn; and Smith and Son, Glasgow.

This volume is with singular propriety and felicity dedicated to the illustrious personage whose name it bears, and from whose storehouse of learning and literature its treasures have been derived. The fine, we may say, the extraordinary library formed by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex at so much cost, and what is much more to the purpose, with so much judgment, is well known, not only to the erudite of all countries, but even to the curious generally, who care little for books beyond their names, appearances, and character. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we receive the first of Mr. Pettigrew's labours upon so important a subject; and that while we admire the Prince for his literary acquirements and favour to literature, we rejoice in the appearance of a Catalogue so well calculated to render the public familiar with the leading features of this remarkable collection. It does due honour to the Meænas-like liberality of the Royal owner; it contains much which will be highly prized by learned men throughout the world; and it affords a large share of bibliographical intelligence to the casual reader, who is not inclined to drink more deeply of the Pierian spring. The pains taken by the author are obvious in innumerable parts, and we can safely give him the praise of not, as is too often the case in such matters, taking accounts from hearsay, and descriptions at second-hand; on the contrary, he has avoided mere compilation, and with commendable industry and zeal consulted originals, collated various editions, and, in short, done all that a careful, diligent, and honest writer ought to do in the congestion of such a work.

Having said thus much of the general merits of the *Bibliotheca Susseriana*, we shall proceed to lay some of the most interesting details before our readers, premising that this volume comprises—1. the rolled Hebrew MSS.; 2. the square Hebrew MSS.; 3. Philacteries; 4. Greek MSS.; 5. Latin MSS.; 6. French MSS.; 7. Italian MSS.; 8. Spanish MSS.; 9. a German MS.; 10. Dutch MSS.; 11. English MSS.; 12. an Irish MS.; 13. Arabic MSS.; and also Persian, Armenian, Pali, Singhalese, and Burman MSS. As a specimen, we select the notice of the Pentateuchus Hebraicus (rolled) MS. with which the volume commences, and the note upon which is very curious.

"This is probably the most ancient and most perfect MS. of the Pentateuch in this country. Its extent even exceeds that of the celebrated roll in the Collegiate Library at Manchester. It is written upon basil or brown African skins,

79 in number; it measures 23 inches in breadth, and 144 feet in length, and there are 263 columns, each of which contains 42 lines. The square character of this MS. is very ancient, and the ink with which it is written is beautifully black. There are no capital letters, neither are there any accents nor points. The letters are all of a uniform size, and each column, except in five places, (as is usual in the most correct MSS.) begins with the letter *v* (Vau). There are no marginal corrections; but in some places there have been erasures and alterations. Mr. Levi, a learned Hebraist, has examined the passages most frequently the subjects of criticism, and has ascertained the MS. to be particularly correct. It was brought from Senna, in Arabia, to Amsterdam, and thence imported to this country. Its condition is perfect. It is rolled on a double-headed roller, and there is a silver hand to use as a point in reading. The whole is wrapped in a damask cover, and enclosed in an appropriate case."

We pass the description of the splendidly illuminated Hebrew and Chaldaic Pentateuch (page xiv.) to extract the notice of the "Sephers-Dusheino, seu Commentarius in Pentateuchum. Hebraicæ. MS. in Memb. et Chart. Sæc. xiv. Quarto.—This MS. consists of 313 leaves, and is a rabbinical and cabalistic commentary on the Pentateuch. It was written by Rabbi Samuel, commonly called Dusheino, and it is arranged according to the portions of the Pentateuch as read in the Synagogues. The commencement of each book has the initial letters ornamented and in various colours, principally green and red. As a specimen of the commentary, I here subjoin a literal translation of the beginning of the first portion of Genesis, which commences with the word בראשית (Bereshith), the first letter of which is ב (Beth), and which, in a numerical sense, corresponds to the number 2. 'All the letters, being 22 in number, rose and presented themselves in the presence of the Holy God (blessed be He), each of them soliciting that the Law might begin with their letter. They were all refused but the ב (Beth), which was chosen to shew that the Lord had created two worlds—this world and a future state; that the wicked shall not say, 'I have prospered in this world, what have I to fear?' but shall reflect that there is another world, where he must account for his conduct: and the righteous shall not say, 'All the good I have done in this world I have lost,' but shall trust

\* "The first five of the annexed are the passages alluded to, which do not commence with the *v* (Vau); the sixth must invariably begin with the Vau as here written. The characters שׁוּר כִּי בִּיחַ which commence these six passages, signify BY JAH HIS NAME.

The first word of the Pentateuch	בְּרֵאשִׁית	ב
Gen. xlii. 8.	יִדְדָה אֶת־יִדְדָה	י
Exod. xiv. 29.	הַבָּאִים אַחֲרֵיהֶם	ה
— xxxiv. 11.	שָׁמַר לִךְ	ש
Nun. xxiv. 5.	מִזֶּה טֹבִי	מ
Deut. xxxi. 28.	וְאֶעֱיֵד בָּם	ו

that there is a second world, where he will receive his reward.' At the end of the work is the following subscription in Hebrew:—'Finished and sealed this book on the 5th day of the week, the 23d day of the moon, or lunar month of Tebeth, in the year 5135 of the creation, (A.C. 1375,) in the assembly of Perusha, under the government of the Sultan Amurat, by the hands of Schelomo, the exalted (or ruler), the son of the high, learned Rabbi Jesha, the exalted of the city Tarnebu. May THE NAME (God) grant me to meditate therein, both myself, children, and children's children, to the end of all generations.' After this subscription are some Hebrew words, returning thanks to God for enabling the scribe to complete his work."

The information relative to the Phylacteries is so condensed and curious, that we shall copy it entirely.

"The word Phylactery, derived from the Greek (φυλακτήριον), properly signifies a preservative, and in this sense has been used by various nations to protect them against evil spirits, diseases, dangers, &c. In many parts of the East these superstitious practices still obtain. The phylacteries of the Jews are of three kinds, of each of which there is a specimen in His Royal Highness's library. They consist of portions of Scripture taken from the Pentateuch, selected according to the situation for which they are destined, written upon very fine vellum, in a very small square character, and with a particular kind of ink. They are used for the head, for the arm, and are also attached to the door-posts.

"I. For the Head.—The portions of the Pentateuch for the phylactery of the head consist of Exod. xiii. 2-10, 11-16; Deut. vi. 4-9, xi. 13-21. These four portions contain thirty-verses, which are written upon four slips of vellum, separately rolled up, and placed in four compartments, and joined together in one small square piece of skin or leather. Upon this is written the letter *v* *Sohin*. From the case proceed two thongs of leather, which are so arranged as to go round the head, leaving the square case, containing the passages of the Pentateuch above referred to, in the centre of the forehead. The thongs make a knot at the back of the head, in the form of the letter *v* *Daleth*, and then come round again to the breast. The phylacteries for the head are called frontlets, and the practice of using them appears to rest particularly upon these two passages:—1. And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes, that the Lord's law may be in thy mouth: for with a strong hand hath the Lord brought thee out of Egypt. Exod. xiii. 9.—2. And it shall be for a token upon thine hand, and for frontlets between thine eyes: for by strength of hand the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt. Exod. xiii. 16. These phylacteries are called תְּפִלִּין תְּפִלִּין שֶׁל־רֹאשׁ Tephillin shel-rosh, or, the tephila of the head.

"II. For the Arm.—This phylactery consists

of a roll of vellum, containing the same passages of the Pentateuch as those for the head, and written in the same square character, and with the same ink, but arranged in four columns. It is rolled up to a point, and enclosed in a sort of case of the skin of a clean beast. A thong of leather is attached to this case, which is placed above the bending of the left arm on the inside, that it may be near to the heart, according to the command: *And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart.* Deut. vi. 6. After making a knot in the shape of the letter *Yod*, the thong is rolled seven times round the arm in a spiral form, and terminates by three times round the middle finger. These phylacteries are called *תפילין* Tephillin shel-jad, or, the tephilla of the hand.

"For the Door-posts.—The phylactery for the door-posts is termed *תפילין* Mezuzah, and is composed of a square piece of vellum, written in the same square character, and with the same kind of ink as those for the head and arm, and has the 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th verses of the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, and the 13th verse of the 11th chapter of the same book inscribed on it. This slip of vellum is enclosed in a reed or case, and on it is written the word *שְׁמַדַּי* Shadal, which is one of the attributes of God. The Jews affix these to the doors of their houses, chambers, and most frequented places. The Hebrew word *תפילין* Mezuzah signifies the door-posts of a house; but it is also applied to the phylactery just described.

"Lewis, in his *Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic*, has described, from Bartolocius Bibl. Rabbini, many particulars relating to the phylacteries. "The old superstition for these phylacteries (says he) has considerably increased; the Jews swear by touching them; and the better to authorise such oaths, they introduce God swearing by them likewise. Many are the niceties in the method of making them: the parchment must be taken from the skin of a clean beast, and it becomes impure and profane if a Christian dresses it; but it receives a degree of excellence when it has been destined to this use; and it was said, in preparing it, *I design this for the making of tephellins*. The skin must be prepared with great art, for the least hole or defect makes it useless. These tephellins they write slowly, and with great circumspection, that there may not be the least thing wanting to each letter, and particularly to those that compose the name of God. They first fasten the tephellin at the hand, and afterwards that of the head, for fear they should mistake; the straps serving to this use must be good; they must not mend nor repair them when they are worn and broken. They cannot fasten them till they have pronounced the blessing, *Blessed be thou, our Lord and our God, King of the earth*; after which it was not lawful to speak to any body. When they take them off they put them into a bag, which thereby becomes sacred, and cannot be employed to profane uses. They ought not to be put on in the night, but in the day, excepting the sabbath, because the sabbath is called a sign, and serves for a phylactery. Women and slaves are not obliged to wear them. It is not lawful to take them till a man has covered his nakedness, nor to wear them in churchyards, nor to carry a burden on their heads; and especially, it is a great crime to commit them the least indecency." Dr. Adam Clarke has remarked, that "these phylacteries formed no inconsiderable part of a Jew's religion; they wore them as a sign of their obligation to God,

and as representing some future blessedness. Hence, they did not wear them on feast-days, nor on the sabbath, because these things were in themselves signs; but they wore them always when they read the Law, or when they prayed; and hence they called them *תפילין* tephillin, prayer-ornaments, oratories, or incitements to prayer." From the same authority we learn, that it appears the Jews wore the phylacteries for three different purposes: I. As signs or remembrancers. This was the original design, as the institution itself sufficiently proves. II. To procure reverence and respect in the sight of the heathen. This reason is given in the Gemara, Beracoth, chap. 1. "Whence is it proved that the phylacteries, or tephillin, are the strength of Israel? *Ans.* From what is written, Deut. xxviii. 10. All the people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord [יְהוָה Yehovah], and they shall be afraid of thee." III. They used them as amulets, or charms to drive away evil spirits. This appears from the Targum on Canticles viii. 3. *His left hand is under my head, &c.* "The congregation of Israel hath said, I am elect above all people, because I bind my phylacteries on my left hand and on my head, and the scroll is fixed to the right side of my gate, the third part of which looks to my bed-chamber, that demons may not be permitted to injure me." The Christians wore phylacteries, written on slips of parchment, and hung about their necks. St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and St. Augustine, notice them with great detestation. The Council of Laodicea, A.D. 364, can. 36, condemns those of the clergy who pretend to make them. The Council of Rome, under Gregory II. A.D. 721, also condemned them; and the Council of Trullo forbade the making and using of amulets and charms, and ordered the makers of them to be cast out of the church. Dr. Lightfoot thinks that our Saviour wore the Jewish phylacteries himself, according to the custom of the country; and that his condemnation of them was directed against the pride and hypocrisy of the Pharisees, who wore them broad and conspicuously written, to obtain credit for piety and devotion, rather than against the phylacteries themselves."

With this singular document we must for the present be contented. Few as have been our quotations, every reader will perceive that we have introduced a publication of high value to his attention; and we have only now to add, that an excellent portrait of the Duke of Sussex, from a picture by Lonsdale, adorns the title-page; and that the illuminations, fac-similes, &c., which illustrate the text, are interesting in themselves and very beautifully executed.

*Absurdities: in Prose and Verse.* Written and Illustrated by A. Crowquill. 12mo. pp. 132. London, 1827. T. Hurst and Co.; W. Morgan.

THE success of Mr. Hood's very laughable *Whims and Oddities* has led to the present imitation of that facetious and pleasant writer. It is perhaps too direct a copy, and is certainly far off from the merits of the original. Still there is a good deal of whim and drollery in it; and plenty of punning. A selection or two will, however, make it better understood than any critical or explanatory remarks; and we shall pick out the best papers which we can find for the amusement of our readers, and the recommendation of Mr. Crowquill's effusion. Of his celebrated precursor, he takes the following kindly and respectful notice:—

"To Thomas Hood, Esq., Author of *Whims and Oddities*.  
"Whits now lay aside their pens,  
Their sallies bring no good;  
Till thou art dead they cannot hope  
To—UNN A LIVELY HOOD!"

Notwithstanding which, however, he seems wound up to the attempt. Witness

"*Tim Trott and Biddy Lowe: a Ballad.*

One Sunday to the village church  
Both old and young were flowing;  
Oh! the bells were ringing merrily,  
And beaux with belles were going.

And Mister Trott was trotting there,  
When Biddy Lowe so smart  
Just pass'd—and tho' she only walk'd,  
Her eyes—ran through his heart.

Now Mister Trott began to leer,  
And throw his eyes about;  
But, ah! he felt a pang within,  
He fain would be without.

"For a suitor I might suit her well,  
And why should I not please?  
For though I may have silver locks,  
I've gold beneath my keys."

For o'er his head he'd sixty years,  
And more, if truth be told;  
And, for the first time, now he thought  
'Twas frightful to be old!

The service o'er, Tim walk'd away,  
And o'er the fields did roam;  
He sought her cot—and found it out,  
But Biddy was at home!

Tim made a bow and made a leg,  
And spoke with hesitation;  
While Biddy frown'd upon his suit,  
And smiled at his—relation!

But tho' so scornfully repuls'd,  
And all his vows proved vain,  
Tim Trott had lost his heart, and wish'd  
To prove his loss a-gain!

Miss Biddy met her ancient beau,  
And said with cruel glee,  
"Oh! Trott, though you're a little man,  
You seem to long for me!"

Tim stammer'd, hammer'd, hem'd, and sigh'd—  
He flutter'd like a leaf—  
With piteous look he eyed the maid,  
But couldn't hide his grief.

"Tho' I'm a man of substance, ma'am,  
I'm like a shadow-elf;  
I've sigh'd and sigh'd until I am  
Like one beside myself!"

Quoth she, and with a killing smile,  
(Oh! most unkind retort!)  
"You know I've cut you, ay, for long,  
So now I'll cut you short!"

"Ah! make not of my size a laugh,  
I would my lips were stronger;  
But tho' you never lov'd me, ma'am,  
Say, could you love me longer?"

But Biddy's heart was hard as stone,  
Tim's tears were shed in vain,  
And when she cried—"Go, ugly man!"  
He thought his beauty plain!

Quoth he, "I go—farewell—farewell,  
I weep—for I'm resigned!  
I feel my heart that beat before—  
Left beating is behind!"

Of the prose sketches, the subjoined is a fair example:—

"*The Baker and the Pot-Boy.*

"The baker is an almost universal favourite among the female inhabitants of the kitchen department. He is looked upon by them as the very flower of gallantry. His hat, whether white or black, is always worn smartly; and there is a dandyism (peculiar to this class of the community) about his boots,—and the most indifferent observer may perceive he is vastly particular in this part of his accoutrement—the cream-coloured tops, deep as a quart-pot, display the care and attention in cleaning them—and then his large, double-cased silver watch, which he often draws out, and proudly, though apparently unintentionally, exhibits when gossiping—and the pendant chain and gingham bunch of large seals and choice coins thereto belonging, all proclaim his pardonable vanity, and tend to exalt his consequence in the curious and admiring eyes of giggling 'Betty,' who good-humouredly retorts his half-

whispered 'nothings'—by an exclamation of 'What nonsense!' or, 'A-done you foolish fellow—do!'—and trips down the area in glee—hugging the brick or quatern in one hand, and perhaps a pen and ink, and check-book in the other—the latter of which is of little utility in the hands of such an Argus, or steward, as Betty, who would probably take serious offence at hearing the young man's strict honesty called in question;—and cares little how many 'deadmen' he makes, so long as he continues to keep the women alive by his flirtation and pretty sayings. The very creaking of his wicker-basket as he wields it round and casts it at the door, is pleasing music, and an overture of an agreeable chat to the maid—who never keeps him waiting, and indeed scarcely gives him time to knock or ring before she makes her appearance with a—'good mornen, mister baker!' He is in every respect a most fortunate and favoured man, for he can do no wrong; and if there be any complaint to be made (as it often happens) concerning the badness of the bread or the bakings, the maid softens it down by beginning—'Tell your master—my missus says'—thus holding mister baker himself guiltless of any participation in the fault.—Happy man!—Nay, even if his knees be accidentally knocked, or his legs fern an X, or St. Andrew's Cross, from his having carried a heavy basket when he was green and growing—he can, by a dexterous twist and interposition of the said basket, cunningly conceal from observation the warped fashion of his understandings.—How different the fate of the unfortunate pot-boy. He is held in no respect by any, but as a plague to all. He is often a sturdy, thick-set, thick-headed boy (selected from the Parish School perchance), coarse in converse, and not an iota of the baker's 'mealy-mouthed' manners about him—and is *nem. con.* considered the most vulgar of the comers. The very clanking and rattling of his pewter measures is the forerunner of discord and squabbles 'twixt him and the scullion, or dish-water, (none of higher grade in servitude willingly attend him), for he is always grumbling about the manner in which his pots are returned—the servants always bruising, blacking, or burning them. He hates them for the trouble they give him, and they him for the trouble he takes in telling them of it. The morning of his 'life' is no enviable one; but in the evening he starts a different creature; his cares and rebuffs are forgotten, and he glides through the dark streets with his lantern and beer-trays, like a glow-worm. But still he is the pot-boy, and the maids despise him; notwithstanding he whistles the most popular airs, or double shuffles between his partner-trays, in his hob-nailed, high-low shoes, to while away the time they keep him waiting, and the sole chance he possesses of obtaining a smile or a good word is, when they want to wheedle him to let them have the 'yesterday's newspaper, first!'

There is a good deal of characteristic truth in this little sally. For variety's sake, we add two other pieces.

#### "My First Love."

I saw thee—loved thee—ay, with heart and soul,  
Sweet type of excellence!—But no control  
Have we poor mortals on the Fates' decrees;  
Who (strange perversion!) fill our hearts with sorrow  
when they please!

Our parents first observed our budding love,  
And caught us both when wandering to the grove!  
Ah! we not cruelty apparent in their sport?  
Sending us to the country straight, when we were going  
to court.

Can I forget that mazy day we parried,  
When, standing at my window broken-hearted,

I watch'd with anxious eye each passing coach?  
What tho' my "Thusey" walked, I knew her by her genteel  
carriage at her first approach!

I saw thee cast a lingering look behind;—  
I kiss'd my hand! I never saw thee smile so sadly or so  
kind!

And tho' soon out of sight, thou wert not out of mind:  
I gazed till fancy almost brought thee back again;  
But fancy and wishes, love, were all in vain,  
They only served to mock

Thy swain, with visions of thy smart sash and muslin  
frock;

Yet, fixed as a statue, there I sigh'd away the morn,  
And looking in vain for muslin, look'd FORLORN!

I thought my heart would melt,  
I dropp'd my heavy head against the window, love, and

(You little know the pains I felt!)  
And when I went to bed I never slept.  
Oh! why did such pure affection one so faithless fix on,  
As you, Miss Arethusa—now Mrs. Dixon!

Oft (to my Muse's best ability)  
Have I bewail'd thy sense and sensibility;  
Ah! little did I think that thou (now wife and mother!)  
Wert possess'd of 'a heart that could feel for another.'

#### "The Loves of the Cabbage and the Cauliflower."

"A Cabbage lov'd a Cauliflower!  
(How far beyond my Muse's power  
(To tell how much they loved!)  
'Oh! list unto a lover true,  
To one, whose heart was form'd for you!

He said—the seem'd unmoved.

'Ah! think not 'cause my wounds are green,  
I speak thus warmly, fairest queen,  
Nor think me insincere;  
For oh! my love is firmly rooted;  
Nor is there one so aptly suited,  
To be my wife—my dear.'

Said she, 'I heard the gard'ner say,  
Your heart was hard, the other day;  
Then can you love but me?

Said Cab, 'You did not comprehend;  
The gard'ner, love, you may depend,  
Did merely wish to cut me!'

'Oh! then,' the Cauliflower sigh'd;  
'Do you deem worthy of your bride  
One of such small renown?'

'Of small renown! What is't you say?  
The gard'ner said the other day,  
Your head was worth a crown!'

'Then take me for thy wife, my love!  
What rapture! can I ever rove?  
No—no—I swear by Venus!

'But why so distant?' Cabbage cried.  
'So distant?' said the lovely bride,  
'We've but one bed between us!'

How little thought the luckless pair  
The cruel gard'ner was so near,  
(He came at set of sun!)

His knife from leathern case he drew,  
And cut off both these lovers true,  
For fear that they should run!

Though the foregoing exemplify the highest merits which belong to this volume, and several of the other papers are poor enough, there are some merry caricature figures; and among the light things which are received among the light reading of the present day, we see no reason why *Absurdities* should not find favour in people's eyes. We finish with an impromptu to a sick lady:

"Dear Ann, I love you—well;  
But, tho' you're—ill,  
I pry thee—ery not—  
For I love you—still!"

*High-Ways and By-Ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Third Series. 3 Vols. H. Colburn, London.*

THE plan of this work was in itself excellent; it united two most popular species of literature; the novel, with its fictitious interest—and travels, giving truth and real life as the basis of the picture. Mr. Grattan has visited a part of France little known, and at a very peculiar period; and we believe the *Cagot's Hut* to be a sketch as true as it is striking. There is so much real life in these pages, we feel convinced that the descriptions are accurate, and get quite on familiar terms with the light-hearted peasants who figure on the animated scene. Of the three tales, the *Conscript's Bride*

is the most interesting; and we regret that no compression could reduce it to our limits: we must therefore be content with snatches at random. The following is a vivid picture:—

"An army of nearly thirty thousand men, stretching for a hundred leagues from sea to sea, had possessed themselves of the whole range of mountains; and their glittering arms and floating standards scared the wild deer and the eagles in their most remote and inaccessible haunts. The snow had invaded the hills, and with silent encroachments it came daily downwards, driving the stunted herds and flocks from their chilled pastures, and covering, like a funeral shroud, the dying beauties of the woods. The shepherds took possession of the plains, but not with the wonted cheerfulness and ease which had, in other years, accompanied their autumnal migration. They had not now the quiet homes of better days, nor could they look forward even to the scanty but undisturbed enjoyments of the winter hearth. Their huts were filled with soldiers; each village was a military post; and, besides all the tumult and alarm excited by this change, the whole country swarmed with a desperate rabble, driven out of Spain before the meteor flash of liberty, which gleamed, like the Archangel's fiery sword, on that unhappy land, by nature intended for a paradise. The fugitive bands of smugglers, monks, and mendicants, and worse even than either, were self-designated 'The Army of the Faith,' covering by a bold impiety the cruelty, bigotry, and cowardice, which formed the elements of their compact. A few inflamed fanatics gave an ardent colouring to the rest, and deceived the distant observer by a hue less odious than the reality; but those who saw them closely, have, one and all, agreed in painting them as both vile in motives, and brutal in actions. At the time I describe, they were utterly expelled the Spanish soil, and they overran the neutral territory of France in noxious and despicable crowds. The groups of these wretches, hovering on the frontier, had a picturesque atrocity of mien which was in keeping with the savage scenery. Lazy monks, wrapped in their threadbare cloaks and cowls, of brown, or gray, or black—half-starved women, with squalling infants, trudging along, shivering and almost naked—the mockery of an encampment of some scores of ragged ruffians, whose military accoutrements alone took from them the air of a gipsy bivouac.

"When I entered the rustic inn of Gedro, late in the evening, I found but little comfort in the aspect of the place. It, like all other houses which professed to afford refreshment and repose, was completely filled by a motley crowd, composed of French soldiers and gent-d'armes, and all the varieties of Spanish vagabonds which I have before mentioned. Outside the house, and nearly blocking up the approach, stood a throng of mules laden with all sorts of rubbish, saved from the ruin of their wretched owners, or pilfered in their flight; and with these were mixed oxen, sheep, and goats, bellowing and bleating in all the discord of a cattle fair. Within was a scene of brute confusion quite analogous. A large fire, formed of the young bark of the cork-tree and a newly-felled pine, filled the wide chimney at one end of the room. Close to the flame pressed a throng of women, children, monks, and muleteers, their steaming cloaks joining a thick vapour to the smoke from the moist fire-wood and numerous cigars and tobacco-pipes. Several were standing; others sat on stools and large blocks of stone or wood: all employed in efforts to warm



themselves, or hang on the branches which were crackling, but not yet in flames, their gaiters, shoes, and sandals. The woman of the house occupied one corner of the chimney, stooping almost into the fire, while she cooked, on a gridiron of the rudest construction, slices of beef, cut by her husband from the still warm, and almost quivering carcass of a cow that hung in one corner of the room. Some hungry individuals devoured the steaks, as they came, tough and blackened, from the hands of the hostess. Others partook of the black bread and onions, which they carried in their wallets; and drank deeply of the wine contained in their goat-skin bottles, or quaffed, from small vessels of horn, the brandy which was served to them by the brood of urchin inn-keepers, which formed the remainder of the family. The Spaniards, who were strictly under the surveillance of the police, paid for whatever they consumed; and the gens-d'armes threw many a look of contempt on the military and religious outcasts, as they drew forth their leathern purses and counted down the money, probably obtained by no creditable means."

Our next is a good contrast to this:—

"As we descended the Tourmalet by its eastern side, the shades of night came on; and the moon, slowly rising before us through a sea of mist, shewed the surrounding hills and vales in many wild distortions of their actual forms and sites, which would have made it impossible for one unaccustomed to mountain wanderings, at all hours and seasons, to recognise the scenes with which he might have formed a noontide familiarity. At times a lake, of as perfect mimicry as ever lived in the deception of a desert mirage, seemed to reflect the moon-beams, and was studded with islands, and diversified with isthmuses, bays, and promontories. The soft southern breeze which blew down from Spain soon swept away the vapours that produced these effects, and a group of rugged and barren rocks stood bared to the astonished eye. The wildest transformations were thus at once produced by every shifting breeze, and belied almost as soon in magic change. But all of the party were used to these scenes. Even Malville had often, in her former mountain sojourn, gazed delightedly at these freaks of elemental illusion; and turning fondly to her lover, she felt proudly sure that his affection knew no variations such as these. The bubbling source of the Adour sent out its narrow stream to guide us through the valley upon which we now entered. We followed its course until we came to one of those mountain hamlets, the primitive construction of which makes us wonder at the artificial wants of man. Eight or ten of these low and little huts, in which the inhabitants have just room enough to eat and sleep, but the height of which seems to have been formed on man's very lowest measurement, looked brown in the moonlight with their moss-covered walls and faded thatch. A little court-yard enclosed each, surrounded by a rustic peristyle formed of trunks of pine trees, or long stones standing on end, and supporting a roof of turf, under which the cattle securely reposed."

Vivid description, and truth of observation, are among this author's best merits: his chief fault is diffuseness. Had these three volumes been one and a half, their merit would have been greatly increased.

*The Age Reviewed; a Satire: with the Runaways; a Political Dialogue.* 8vo. pp. 239. London, 1827. W. Carpenter.

It has fallen to our lot, in the course of a

pretty long and tedious probation, to read much nonsense; but it has never before happened to us to labour over such a mass of unmitigated balderdash as the *Age Reviewed; a Satire*. A satire, forsooth! it is a satire upon printing and publishing that such a farrago of impertinent trash should issue in a gross volume from the press, and a hope be entertained that any soul living could endure the task of wading through three or four thousand lines of so contemptible a compost.

To be a satirist, a person ought to possess some knowledge of the world and of mankind: to be a poet, a person ought to possess some knowledge of the language in which he attempts to write. The unlucky scribbler whom we have in hand is supremely blest with ignorance about such matters, and he accordingly plays the oracle with all that blind confidence which generally distinguishes the ignorant and uninformed from the intelligent and wise. And his style is worthy of his prating. In every page words are employed without a meaning, and others with a meaning which does not belong to them. It is no wonder that we find the sentences incomprehensible, when they are thus constructed; and that to gather any sense from this rhapsodical coxcomby should be, as it often is, utterly impossible.

From these marks of immaturity, folly, and presumption, we suspect that the author of *The Age Reviewed* must be himself under age—a Juvenile, that would be a Juvenile. A youth well versed in newspaper and magazine lore (and in no other) is perhaps not the most competent authority in politics, the characters of public men, the merits of literary works: but to lads in their teens, who fancy themselves clever enough, it is as easy to remodel the universe as it was, in the Frenchman's panegyric song, for the American commander, single handed, to beat an English army. It is somehow thus that the inimitable Mathews chants the latter feat:—

Ten thousand English dey came on,  
And General Yackson vas but von;  
But vat vas dat to General Yackson,  
Yeneral Yackson vas de boy?  
'Twas all de same to General Yackson;  
Oh, Yeneral Yackson vas de boy!!

So it is with the present terrible satirist—it is all de same to him, he is de boy to do the miracles professed in his preface, and consummated in his prodigiously mortal poem. This said Preface, by the way, is a sample of modesty. An impudent lad, apparently not destitute of abilities, but miserably mistaken in their extent, and without the common experience which is requisite even before an individual should venture to give opinions in a mixed company, sets himself up to lecture the vices of the age in which he has just begun to cherish a beard, with the hope of shaving it some years hence. He does not think the young nobility are properly educated—never, we dare to say, having come into contact with a nobleman either old or young; for indeed he does not appear to be aware what a nobleman precisely is, since at page 51 he talks of certain persons (coarsely expressed)

"—shrined in every square  
For peers to pant and barons welter there,"

barons, of course, not being peers: barons of the Exchequer, we suppose. He thinks there is (a new idea!) too great a rage for "every thing exotic." He thinks (another novelty!) that our intercourse with France is demoralising. He thinks (another hit!) that Town manners have spread too much over the pastoral innocence of the Country. In short, says He, to conclude this very original and ill-written

tirade, "Eighteen hundred and twenty-seven presents a dismal example of a luxurious nation, blasted with poverty, though haughty in its external professions; [?]—a nation corroded by vice, and drunk with exotic voluptuousness, where venalism is the swaying attribute of every rank; whose peerage is, in part, a bloated mass of degenerated titles; and whose commons are nursed by hypocritical demagogues to forward their schemes, upset the aristocracy, and with it, society, religion, and national welfare!" And from this first quotation of his prose, the good sense of the writer's poetry may be imagined. Not to point out its insignificant phraseology and almost unintelligible verbiage, what does any one who endeavours to understand what he reads, make out from the finale?—why, that though "the peerage" is, in part (in the poem it is more generalised), a bloated mass of degenerated titles, yet, by up-setting (elegant term!) this "aristocracy," you upset with it society, religion, and national welfare! A second Daniel! we vow to that divinity which wears cap and bells.

From this shred of prose alone, a guess may be made at the abuse of the English tongue in the poetry. The dislocation of meaning is quite edifying; for a handful of sounding words thrown into a mill, and brought out again at the will of Fortune, would be as likely to convey ideas to the mind. We will open the page at random—it is 81—chance has fairly given us one of the best passages in the volume: a diatribe of super-excellent merit.

"Ye wealthy wolves! that glut while famine rears  
Her pale-worn visage dimmed with dripping tears,  
Can gorgeous deserts feed your greedy sight,  
Or unpartaken pomp the heart delight?  
More blisful are the smiles of humble praise,  
More sweet the lingering eye's delighted gaze,  
Than all the grandeur of gigantic domes,  
Apart from sheltered cots and nestling homes."

Dear was the scene that wiled the wand'rer's eye,  
Ere Pomp arose, and Avarice peeled her cry:  
The moss-roofed palace of the lowly swain,  
Serenely smiling on his green domain:  
And oft the way-worn pilgrim sighed to share  
The hamlet home, and calm sequestered there:  
When paused he pensive on the sultry road,  
Cooled his warm brow, and eased his cumbering load.  
The curling column of spontaneous smoke,  
That flowed where'er 'th' alluring breezes broke,  
The front portiere and nodding tulip bed,  
The flowery range empaled from infant tread,  
Oh! plenteous these were wont the eye to greet,  
When healthful labour stored the cot's retreat:  
Here, too, his week of summer labour past,  
One balmy eve brought hither repose at last.  
Then, haly parents seated near their door,  
Partook the welcome pipe, and cupboard store,  
Or wiffed its cloudy perfume in the air,  
While gamb'ling urchins traced it round their chair.  
Alas! now rarely seen such sylvan bliss—  
The farm's precluding space has plundered this!

Severe and desolate the peasant's doom,  
Now passed in hunger, and released in gloom:  
Each day commenced with toll, in famine ends,  
No home endears him, and no hand befriends:  
With labour ill repaid through dismal years,  
His very joys are sprinkled o'er with tears:  
Condemned to famish or to slave for bread,  
That boon is wasted e'er his babes are fed:  
No relic left for future woes to hide,  
Cheer a bleak night or help an honest pride.  
He turns inebriate to forget his grief,  
And wastes the sordid hire that mocked relief;  
Or, tamed by toil, entreates an unseen power,  
For death to hasten that releasing hour,  
When lordling wealth shall tyrannise no more,  
And shivering orphans from the workhouse door!"

\* Indeed the clearness of this writer reminds us forcibly of a prototype whom he must have studied very closely. We remember an instance of his versatility in a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (a fine example of the sound agreeing with the sense): the passage is that of the sublime description of *Chaos*, and it is thus rendered:—

"Before the heavens, the sea, and the fire existed, there existed already fire, earth, heavens, and sea: the fire deformed the heavens, the earth, and the fire: the fire rendered the heavens, earth, and sea, deformed; for then where was the earth, the heavens, the sea, and the fire, there were also the heavens, the earth, the fire, and the sea: the earth, the fire, and the sea, were in the heavens, and the heavens were in the sea, the fire, and the earth."



Is not this fellow fit to criticise others and amend the world? Only re-read these two pages and a half, and say if ever you met with such drivelling stupidity. What are "the smiles of humble praise"? How does a scene *wile* the eye? How could *calm*, of all things i' the earth, be *sequestered* there—i. e. *there* a rhyme for hamlet home. A man may ease himself of a load, but how he eases a load requires explanation. What kind of smoke the *spontaneous* is we cannot tell: we had heard of spontaneous light machines, but of spontaneous smoke never. It must, however, be of a peculiar sort, as it chose to *flow* where *breezes* (*alluring* ones though) *broke*. *Italy* parents are, we presume, very fine people, and we should have liked to see them with their pipes as they *wiffed* it. What the urchins *traced* defies our sagacity to decipher; but since it is declared to have been sylvan bliss, we are really very sorry that the *farm's precluding* space should have *plundered* it, especially as we consider it very improper in Space to plunder any thing. Is it worth while to analyse this rubbish to the end? Look at the couplets of the last paragraph in succession. 1. What means the peasant's being *released* in gloom—2. what means "no home *endears* him"—3. what *joys* has he (as described in the four preceding lines) to be sprinkled with tears—4. what is the *boom* which is wasted by a person condemned to famish or to slave for bread—5. what relic is spoken of for woes to hide, or how can woes hide relics—6. what is turning inebriate (getting drunk, we surmise), and how can hire *mock* relief—7. the releasing hour is at all events a difference from the releasing in gloom—and 8. we are rejoiced to finish the sad affair of peasant and poetic distress with *lording* wealth, and the concluding unconnected line.

After what we have said, we are sure our readers would think the columns of the *Literary Gazette* sadly misemployed were we to allow much more room to so silly a production as the present; but as we never like to censure without shewing sufficient cause, we beg leave to add a little further to this Review—the more excusable, perhaps, as it is seldom that we have so persevering, long, and dogged an effort to attract public attention under the name of Satire. Other bilious creatures try to spit and sputter their phlegm out in periodicals, or, at largest, in bits of pamphlets; but here we have the disease in the afflicting form of octavo, and the quantity of froth and filth has a claim to attract more medical notice, and demand from humanity more curative physic. We will therefore take this poor leper, who is all over sore, into one of our wards for that miserable disorder, and trust by a very few short and simple remedies to restore him to sanity and convalescence. For the maladies of alliteration\* and antithesis, which constitute the whole virus of his pseudo poetry, we see no hope of cure: they are not merely in, they are the system; and it would be as easy to make a Demosthenes out of a dumb-waiter as a poet out of such garblish. Let us run over a specimen of epithets and lines, &c.

\* *Es gr—*

"O, early sample of sophistic power,  
Time-serving Brougham, strut thy little hour;  
Blown by the murmurs of each mean applause,  
The canny creature of a rebel cause;  
With craft prolific Nature stuff'd thy brain,  
To foam for party, or to grub for gain;  
A curish pleader when the culprit pay," &c.

Every quotation we make, however, will exhibit this vicious style, and its concomitant absurdity, antithesis; to accomplish which the writer coins no-words, and misapplies and belovels the English tongue.

without caring for more than meets the eye in turning the pages, and we will learn what this mighty bard of 1827 really is. "Puffs cry verse," i. e. obtain it fame, for without being thus *cried* "who deems it worth the purse?" (35). A satirist must "with *free diffusion* pour out party spite," or "with *far-flown fus-tian* tickle lordly ears" (40-41), or he will not be read. This, however, the author argues, is not, after all, the right way "to *provide* applause" (42); and so he "wrote it with the full intention of being personal." Poor devil, even in this miserable attempt to excite the appetite of the public for slander, his puny mind could effect nothing. We now hear of sea-gulls with *moist* plumes—of "*kingdoms* and *kingdoms* [that] have found a *fellow* grave"—of "seven-billed Rome, whose eagles towered to *ecstasy*,  
When Goth and Vandal crushed her steel array!"

the time, we had imagined, when her eagles did not tower; but it is all the same to a sublime bard, who in the same passage anticipates the dread moment when Britain shall fall, being enthralled by her own sons, and thus gloriously apostrophizes his lost country.

"— self-defiled and only overthrown,  
Thyself will be thy vanquisher alone!"

Prodigious! Before this happens, there is, however, to be a grand decay of good manners.

"Spousal cheats and hoary-headed lust"

are to

"Delight the wealthy and elude disgust."

Velluti are to

"— tickle well mine ancient dames,  
And pursue their coils for piping up their flames."

England,

"Deluded, drained, with *freeful* freedom left,"

will then exclaim against

"Her *revenue* gasping and her *commerce* reft."

She will, in fact, be

"A beggared land of *enervating* wool.

While loaders' throats are parched with venal blab.  
The foe a fawner, and the free a slave.  
And crouch idolatrous to pampered pride,  
And kick the *spans* of patronage beside."

In passing over ten pages, such we find are the beauties of the *Age Reviewed*; the admirable sense, the style, the composition, the elegance, the judgment of the modest youth who sets himself to abuse all the authors of the time which his mighty genius enlightens and adorns. He then goes on to babble of "*inspired* worth" and of

"Wealth like titles rotting on a slave,"

(but how either wealth or titles can rot on any body is undefined) and, oh! bathos,

"Emblazons scoundrels, and tricks out the knave!"

Wealth, after this, still proceeds very paradoxically;

"— it buys the *lotted* land.

Turns grandeur little, and the little grand."

Getting metaphysical, we hear that

"Sapless limbs are warmed, and passion's fire  
From *mouldering* flesh would fain again *respire*."

And if we add the few succeeding lines to this piece of utter nonsense, we shall, truly, give one of the best passages as a whole which we can quote from the volume.

"While needy Virtue walks a rugged road,  
Content to bear the anguish of her load,  
How daring hectors rise to prouder spheres,  
How Impudence her upstart feather rears!  
So, on the torpid bosom of a pool,  
With *felid* smoothness to the margin full,  
We mark the gleaming foulness on the face,  
The stream of freshness finds a lower place!"

This under-current of fresh water, running below the foul surface of a torpid pool, is a great discovery in hydrostatics! As an example of moral force and descriptive power, we conclude with the portraiture of the King's

Bench—the last long quotation we shall make from this superb performance.

"A den there is in London's *fuming*\* town,  
To house the purselens, and protect the crown,  
Where high-born rogues and common cheats are met  
To share the easy purgatory of debt:  
Here, safe from bailiff hunt, what herds retreat,—  
The stately villain, and accomplished cheat—  
The wasteful prodigal—the orphan's foe,  
And all the vile that hell would roost below.  
Far down the court extends the oblong pile,  
With grated windows and o'er-arching tile;  
Within, are *soothing* rooms well stuffed with *ragues*,  
Where sound the mingling tones of various brogues,  
And muddled loungers on a sheetless crib,  
Grant the loud curse, and snort the vulgar squig:  
Without, well-pleased pedestrians trill the song,  
Or puff their pipe-smoke on some gabbling throng;  
While active others, 'gainst the circled wall,  
With wiry bats hurl up the mounting ball;  
Or, still as logs, upon a narrow seat,  
Lay out their limbs and dose away the heat.  
Oh! blast beyond cold Academus grove,  
Where Britain lets her sage-like debtors rove;  
To nurse them well, and scour their villainous clean,  
Then turn them out to be—what they have been!"

It is here that Jews,

"— with Lyncian *stare*

"Would penetrate the attracting pocket bare,"

and that "well-venomed tea" is sold.

Greece is a still more inspiring theme. The association for the loans, &c. is thus finely satirised.

"Alas! the primal schemers pocket shares,  
Conductors wrangle, and each noodle stares!  
Then, like a sluice the 'Company' diembogues,  
And proves its hoisted stock—a stock of rogues!  
But knaves, like heroes, gain *applaudive* meed,  
A brand unfading for a fadeless deed!"

The "viewing ramparts" of Corinth are to bemoan this calamity; but still Hellas is to be rescued "from her *grisly* band," and the vassals of "the *sabred* throng" are invited to rise against the aforesaid "sabred throng," which means Turks wearing sabres, and not sabred Turks. The next riddle "a pozer."

"— Cease the coward verse,  
And let the weapon wield your *vengeful* curse.  
So shall the gathered wrath of cent'ries fall,  
Till grim-vised Slavery shriek her wild farewell."

Greece herself is a

"— wither'd nurse of time-born Liberty!  
Decaying remnant of blood, war, and crime,  
The wreck of glory."

In the pathos of domestic and rural scenes our delightful author is no less happy. The Village Sabbath is exquisitely sweet and touching.

"When softly swelling, far the bells were borne,  
And while around their *lingering* music pealed,  
Congenial throngs came tripping o'er the field."

Thus tripping is congenial to lingering music!

"The grey-haired sire, leant on his grandson's stay,  
Taught playful youth to reverence the day;  
Though rare his locks, he loved the burial ground,  
And moralised by each remembered mound."

This was only:—times are sadly changed—now

"Wealth exclusive rends the village poor."  
Each spot monopolised by gripping hands,  
And ill-paid helots fainting on their lands;  
The farm luxurious in its pomp alone,  
The tillage barren, and the cot o'erthrown!"

But we joyfully

"Now quit the country,"

though it be to

"— survey with scorn,  
How money rules the state, as well as *corn*."

Comparisons they say are odious; we are sure the following is so. It seems, according to our author, that

"— grim Walthman's tones  
Roll o'er the benches like an *oculist's* moans,  
A bounding, bellowing, pertinacious cl."

Bouncing and bellowing must be very like an owl's moans! The accomplished author is

\* Fuming, and spuming, and spumpy, are, among his many ridiculous adjectives, monstrous pets with the writer.

† Query—Stays?—Printer's Devil.

justly angry that such persons should have seats in Parliament; and after nominating "pigmy Easthope," "Wilks," "lettered Gye," &c., he exclaimed, incensed,

"Oh! might one his motley forum fill,  
And drive the mongrels to their former *sit*."

What this *sit* is, we shall probably learn when there is a glossary, and not *till* then.

But we have done. We have been tempted to bestow more exposure upon this empty coxcomb than he is worth; but as his impudence appeared to be on a par with his ignorance, his effrontery with his want of talent, and his baseness with his bad poetry, we trust we shall be pardoned for the castigation we have bestowed upon him. After our quotations, we need hardly add that grammar forms no part of his acquirements, but is violated in every page; and that the language is low and disgusting. It is but right, however, to notice that there are many portions of the work to which we have not even alluded, so gross, offensive, and beastly, as to be utterly unfit for any place but the stews. Thus we have a compound of ignorance, incomprehensible verbiage, mean abuse, nonsense, vulgarity, folly, and obscenity—altogether one of the most despicable publications that ever insulted public taste—pushed forward with a degree of egotism and assurance, which, if ever information and judgment shall accrue to the writer, (a result hardly to be hoped,) must be the source of much regret and mortification to him in his maturer years.

*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.*

(4th Notice.—Conclusion.)

THERE are some entertaining early remembrances of Jack Johnstone, and some curious late descriptions of Mrs. Jordan. "I think," says Sir Jonah, "about that time Mr. John Johnstone was a dragoon. His mother was a very good sort of woman, whom I remember extremely well. Between fifty and sixty years ago she gave me a little book, entitled *The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom*, which I have with several other books of my childhood to this day. She used to call at my grandmother's to sell run muslins, &c. which she carried about her hips in great walters, passing them off for a hoop. She was called by the old women, in pleasantry, 'Mull and Jaconot'; sold great bargains, and was a universal favourite with the ladies. Young Johnstone was a remarkably genteel well-looking lad; he used to bring presents of trout to my grandmother, which he caught in the great canal then going on close to Dublin. He soon went into the army; but having a weakness in his legs, he procured a speedy discharge, and acquired eminence on the Irish stage."

"It was not by a cursory acquaintance that Mrs. Jordan could be known:—unreserved confidence alone could develop her qualities, and none of them escaped my observation. I have known her when in the busy bustling exercise of her profession:—I have known her when in the tranquil lap of ease, of luxury, and of magnificence. I have seen her in a theatre, surrounded by a crowd of adulating dramatists:—I have seen her in a palace, surrounded by a numerous, interesting, and beloved offspring. I have seen her happy:—I have seen her, alas! miserable: and I could not help participating in all her feelings. At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan, she could not be much more I think than sixteen years of age; and was making her debut as Miss Francis, at the Dublin theatre. It is

worthy of observation, that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterwards so eminently excelled; but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and her age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art; yet could not but observe, that in these parts she was perfect even on her first appearance: she had no art, in fact, to study; Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty: her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances. Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual sympathy; and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering bravura. She was, throughout, the untutored child of Nature: she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her *Dead of the Night*, and her *Sweet Bird*, either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion."

The last scene is a sad contrast. On the Continent, "estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy; mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organisation, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady. We have seen that she established herself, in the first place, at Bolognes-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquetry, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock (comprising less than half an acre), formed her demesne. In an adjoining cottage resided her old landlady, Madame Ducamp, who was in a state of competence, and altogether an original. She had married a gardener, much younger and of humbler birth than herself. I think she had been once handsome: her story I never heard fully; but it appeared that she had flourished during the Revolution. She spoke English well, when she pleased; and, like most Frenchwomen when *d'âge mûr*, was querulous, intrusive, and curious beyond limitation, with as much professed good-nature as would serve at least fifty of our old English gentlewomen. She was not, in good truth, devoid of the reality as well as the semblance of that quality: but she over-acted the philanthropist, and consequently did not deceive those accustomed to look lower than the surface. This good lady is still *in statu quo*, and most likely to remain so. Under colour of taking her vacant cottage for a friend, a party of us went to Marquetry, to learn what

we could respecting Mrs. Jordan's residence there. The old lady recognised her name, but pronounced it in a way which it was scarcely possible for us to recognise. A long conversation ensued, in some parts as deeply interesting, and in others nearly as ludicrous as the subject could admit of. Madame Ducamp repeated to us a hundred times, in five minutes, that she had '*beaucoup, beaucoup de vénération pour cette chère, chère malheureuse dame Anglaise!*' whom she assured us, with a deep sigh, was '*sans doute un ange supérieur!*' She was proceeding to tell us every thing she knew, or I suppose could invent, when, perceiving a child in the garden pulling the flowers, she abruptly discontinued her eulogium, and ran off to drive away the intruder—having done which, she returned to resume; but too late! in her absence her place had been fully and fairly occupied by Agnes, an ordinary French girl, Madame Ducamp's *bonne* (servant of all work), whom we soon found was likely to prove a much more truth-telling person than her mistress. Agnes informed us, with great feeling, that 'the economy of that charming lady was very strict: *nécessairement, je crains*, added she, with a slow movement of her head and a truly eloquent look. They had found out (she said), that their lodger had been once *riche et magnifique*, but when there she was *very, very poor* indeed. 'But,' exclaimed the poor girl, her eye brightening up and her tone becoming firmer, 'that could make no difference to me! *si j'aime, j'aime! J'ai servi cette pauvre dame avec le même zèle (peut-être encore plus) que si elle eût été une princesse!*' This frank-hearted display of poor Agnes's sentiments was, however, not in fact called for in speaking of Mrs. Jordan, since she might have commanded, during the whole period of her continental residence, any sums she thought proper. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands. But she was become nearly careless as well of pecuniary as other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty,—thus deceiving the world, and giving, herself, a vantage-ground to the gossiping and censorious. Agnes's information went on to show that Mrs. Jordan's whole time was passed in anxious expectation of letters from England, and on the English post-days she was peculiarly miserable. We collected from the girl, that her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor—the fruitful parent of disease, insanity, and death. At this point of the story, Madame Ducamp would no longer be restrained, and returned to the charge with redoubled assertions of her own friendship 'to the poor lady,' and *bonne nature* in general. 'Did you know her, monsieur?' said she: 'alas! she nearly broke my heart by trying to break her own.' 'I have heard of her since I arrived here, madame,' replied I cautiously. 'Ah! monsieur, monsieur,' rejoined Madame Ducamp, 'if you had known her as well as Agnes and I did, you would have loved her just as much. I am sure she had been accustomed to grandeur, though I could never clearly make out the cause of her reverses. Ah! pursued madame, 'she was *aimable et honnête* beyond description; and though so *very poor*, paid her *lounge* like a goddess.' At this moment, some other matter, perhaps suggested by the word *lounge*, came across the old woman's brain, and she again

trotted off. The remaining intelligence which we gathered from Agnes related chiefly to Mrs. Jordan's fondness for music and perpetual indulgence therein—and to her own little achievements in the musical way, whereby, she told us with infinite naïveté, she had frequently experienced the gratification of playing and singing *madame to sleep*! She said that there was some little mutual difficulty in the first place as to understanding each other, since the stranger was ignorant of the French language, and she herself 'had not the honour' to speak English. 'However,' continued Agnes, 'we formed a sort of language of our own, consisting of looks and signs, and in these *madame* was more eloquent than any other person I had ever known.' Here the girl's recollections seemed fairly to overcome her; and with that apparently exaggerated sensibility which is, nevertheless, natural to the character of her country, she burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Oh ciel! oh ciel!—elle est morte! elle est morte!' \* \* \*

"After Mrs. Jordan had left Bologne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, totally secluded and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters, by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature. I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Bologne. Not a mile intervened between us; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness—so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome! The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient;—just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. In fact, it looked to me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were numerous, but small; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby; no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture: on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired. The account given to us of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had

also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets; and on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir. From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears, Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly, she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual: her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night, she lay sighing upon her sofa. At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful: her eyes were now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C\*\*\*, before the usual hour of delivery, to go for her letters to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless; looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again, as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who however had gone out, and Mr. C\*\*\* returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him: she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid: she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C\*\*\* stood uncertain what to do: but in a minute, he heard her breath drawn more hardly and as it were sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more! Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Forster, now chaplain to the ambassador."

The account given, by the author, of the Hundred Days contains some curious particulars. He tells us, that Macrone (the pseudo Italian) aid-de-camp of Murat, was the son of a manufacturer in London or on Blackheath. He also affirms, that Buonaparte projected to escape from Paris to London, after the battle of Waterloo, as the secretary of a Dr. Marshall, who had obtained a passport for that purpose; but that he was dissuaded from the attempt by his sister the Queen of Holland, who impressed him with the belief that he would be unfairly dealt with on the road.

We are now, however, obliged to conclude, and we cannot do better than wind up with our old friend Lord Norbury.

"One of the devices to prevent the accumulation of petty larceny, in the Court of Common Pleas of Ireland, was very amusing. Lord Norbury's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, complained grievously to his lordship that he really could not afford to supply the court

with Gospels or Prayer-books, as witnesses, after they had taken their oaths, were in the constant habit of stealing *the book*. 'Peter,' said Lord Norbury, 'if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief.'—'Read or not read,' urged Peter, 'they are rogues, that's plain. I have tied the book fast, but nevertheless they have tried to loosen and abstract it.'—'Well, well!' replied my lord, 'if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your Gospel in chains, and that perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves.' Peter Jackson took the hint: provided a good-looking, well-bound New Testament, which he secured with a strong jack-chain that had evidently done duty before the kitchen-fire, and was made fast to the rail of the jury gallery. Thus, the holy volume had free scope to swing about and clink as much as it chose, to the great terror of witnesses, and good order of the jurors themselves."

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Life of John Wickliff; with an Appendix, and List of his Works.* 12mo. pp. 206. Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co.; London, Longman and Co.

A NEAT, concise, and able biography of the great Reformer: it seems to be founded on Lewis's excellent but bulky and dry Life, published some fifty years ago, and on Dr. James's work (1608) on Wickliff's Conformity, which has become very scarce. We need hardly add, that to the religious world, and to the general reader also, the present is a most acceptable publication.

*Early Prose Romances. No. II. Virgilius.* W. Pickering.

VIRGILIUS is a capital companion to William the Dewy; and it is droll enough to read (and not to believe as our progenitors did) that the great poet was a great conjuror. His magical tricks and wondrous exploits will be found very amusing: some of these are indeed extremely curious, as illustrating the superstitious of old times.

*The Citizen's Pocket Chronicle.* 12mo. pp. 404. London, C. Tait.

THIS useful little volume contains an immense quantity of information respecting the city of London, its customs, privileges, charters, institutions, &c. &c. It has also a well-arranged chronological record, an appendix, index, and every thing to render it as valuable for reference, as it is curious in some of its contents, and even entertaining in others.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS, &c.

ON Monday we were highly gratified with the splendid spectacle of the distribution of medals, and other marks of encouragement from the Society of Arts, by the hands of its President, the Duke of Sussex, in the King's Theatre.

Nothing can be more imposing, as a spectacle, than this crowded assemblage of beautiful women; such an audience greatly heightening the interest of the scene. The fitness of a theatre for such an occasion has been questioned. The necessity for it is the answer, as in no other situation can half those who apply for tickets receive accommodation to witness this fine sight.

Six rewards were given in the class of agriculture, for improved implements, planting,



&c.; twenty-three for various inventions and improvements in the class of mechanics. Among these, the gold Vulcan medal to R. Cowen, esq., of Carlisle, for an ingenious mode of making the syphon available as an instrument for draining from a greater depth than had hitherto been practicable.

Lieutenant Hood received the large silver medal for an ice-saw for clearing a channel for ships navigating through ice. Several medals for improvements in various parts of ships' rigging were also assigned; and Mr. Gibson was rewarded for the invention of types for the use of the blind, &c.

In polite arts fifty-eight medals were given in the various classes and professions of painting, sculpture, architecture, carving, modelling in wax, and drawings of machinery. An anatomical model in coloured wax, by Mr. Joseph Towne, rivals, if not surpasses, the celebrated models at Florence. The Society, properly, divides its rewards in polite arts between those who pursue the arts as accomplishments, and those who pursue them professionally. The first encourages an interest in works of art which may lead to ultimate patronage; the second to the encouragement of talent among those who may yet sustain the rank of our country among civilised nations in the highest departments of art.

In the classes of chemistry, manufactures, and colonies and trade, ten rewards were given.

A Society which has thus for seventy-five years annually bestowed rewards, and excited emulation in the objects for which it was founded, which increases in interest and importance, which is utterly unassociated with politics, and whose judgments can seldom be questioned in its many thousand decisions—must have done the state some service.

Sometimes a frivolous subject has crept before the members, and been treated with more importance than it deserved; but the real character of the Society should be judged by the benefits which it has rendered to the country. It was the first Society that promoted and exhibited the works of British artists; and when its patriotic views were realised beyond its own powers of protection, a friendly secession was formed in the old academy, in St. Martin's Lane. There the good-will of the Society of Arts still followed in rewards to the most deserving. From the old academy sprung the present Royal Academy; and more lately also sprung up the British Institution, and other societies connected with art in this country. In the list of those who have received premiums and honours from the Society of Arts, will be found the name of our accomplished President of the Royal Academy, who, as Master Lawrence, at nine years of age, received that medal of distinction to which some value may fairly be attached, as the stimulant to his present greatness. Flaxman, Nollekens, Bacon, Banks, were often stimulated with medals, and sometimes assisted with money. Sharp, Woollet, and Earlom, will be found, with other eminent engravers, among the names of successful candidates; and there are few persons who have distinguished themselves among our painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers in line, mezzotinto, and gems, who were not led on and excited by the Society of Arts to the attainment of that fame which has honoured themselves and their country.

In agriculture, mechanics, manufactures, chemistry, and colonies and trade, many valuable establishments existing in this country attest the importance of the Society, which first encouraged the inventions upon which they were

founded, or, by frequently directing the attention and energies of our enterprising and ingenious countrymen to foreign manufactures which might be established here, led to the ultimate employment of our own workmen in these branches of manufacture, and suspended the foreign trade, in many cases, altogether. A reference to the Society's transactions would surprise some sceptics upon this point. The vast extent of our *bobbinet* manufacture had its origin in a loom for nets, rewarded and published by the Society; spinning-jennies; Turkey carpets; Marseilles quilting in the loom; saw-mills; gun harpoons; communications with ships stranded on a lee shore; tanning; dyeing leather and cotton Turkey-red; crucibles; straw and Leghorn hats; life-preservers in shipwreck; raising silk, spices, &c. in the colonies; planting, draining, and the communication of the results of valuable experiments in agriculture:—In short, this hasty sketch does not do justice to an institution which has done so much for the country in almost every branch which has been a source of its prosperity. Many of its objects becoming too important for the parent Society, societies have sprung from it, which direct their attention to particular branches, like the Royal Academy, the various Agricultural Societies, the Institution of Civil Engineers, and many others: and we sincerely hope that the original institution may continue to flourish, and extend its valuable influence over the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, June 1.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was on Tuesday last adjudged to C. Wordsworth, of Trinity College: subject, *The Druids*. Two other exercises were declared by the examiners to have great merit, and the authors were desired to communicate their names to the Vice Chancellor. We understand that these two exercises were both written by T. E. Hankinson, of Corpus Christi College.

At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi College.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. E. Bushby, Fellow of St. John's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. T. Bingham, St. John's College; Rev. J. Teeson, Clare Hall; Rev. C. Arnold, Fellow of Caius College; Rev. W. Ford, Magdalene College; Rev. W. M. Ward, Emmanuel College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—F. L. Hesse, Trinity Hall.

*Bachelor in Physic*.—C. Barham, Queen's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Dymoke, Trinity College; J. P. Nuttall, R. M. Botcherby, St. John's College; R. S. Ellis, St. Peter's College; Rev. G. Hutchins, Corpus Christi College; A. Smith, F. M. Willan, Christ College; P. Williams, Magdalene College, compounder; W. C. Purton, Sidney College; St. J. W. Lucas, Downing College, compounder; J. Beauchamp, Clare Hall; H. Baynes, M. Fortescue, Queen's College.

At the same congregation the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

OXFORD, June 2.—On Monday last the prize compositions were adjudged as follow:—

*Latin Verse*.—"Mexicum." C. Wordsworth, Commoner of Christ Church.

*Latin Essay*.—"Lex apud Romanos Agraria." W. J. Blake, B.A. Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church.

*English Essay*.—"The Influence of the Crusades upon the Arts and Literature of Europe." F. Oakley, B.A. some time of Christ Church, now Fellow of Balliol College.

*English Verse* (Newdigate).—"Pompeii." R. S. Hawker, Student in Civil Law, of Magdalen Hall.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 123.—*The Monkey who had seen the World*. E. Landseer, A.—No thanks to the managers of hanging and placing, we are prevented from seeing this amusing and able performance to any advantage. Mr. Landseer is a member of the Royal Academy, however, and the situation of this picture may seem like impartiality; though we are of a different opinion, and think the public, in this, as well as in other instances, have been deprived of much gratification in not being able to view without difficulty productions of distinguished merit. It is fortunate for our young artist that his former works have obtained for him a degree of well-grounded credit, sufficient to prevent any ill effects to his reputation from being thus put upon the ground. For our own parts, we are free to confess the performance under notice appears to us to be equal, in point of character, expression, and execution, to any of Mr. Landseer's best pieces of monkey life.

No. 71.—*The Right Hon. Lord Stowell*. T. Phillips, R.A.—We copy the catalogue, and are willing to allow a distinction (we are sure the artist never meant to imply), that in leaving out the words "portrait of," the inference has something of stronger import than that he has merely given a resemblance. But, jesting apart, the portrait of Lord Stowell is one of the finest productions of the artist's pencil, thoroughly deserving of commendation, as well from individual likeness, as from a combination of every quality of superior art. No. 21.—J. P. Brunel, Esq.; No. 60.—The Hon. G. Agar Ellis, M.P.; and No. 23.—G. Watson Taylor, Esq., M.P.—are striking and brilliant examples of Mr. Phillips's talents.

No. 116.—*Portrait of a Lady*—is a variety in effect among the same artist's portraits, and in clearness and transparency may vie with the much-famed Chapeau de Paille.

No. 3.—*Portrait of the Rev. John Russell, D.D., Head Master of the Charter House School*. B. R. Faulkner.—Though this portrait is hung too high for close inspection, there is enough seen to place the talents of the artist much higher than his picture.

No. 86.—*Gillian*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—A portrait, of course, into which the artist has thrown the interest of character and sentiment. The performance serves to exhibit the continued powers of this veteran in art to great advantage; nor can we look upon the present works of Sir W. Beechey without associating in our minds some of the finest examples of portraiture that have ever graced the walls of the Royal Academy. All who remember the portraits of Messrs. Bolton, Watt, Trotter, and the late Thomas Sandby, independent of his paintings of their late Majesties, and others of the Royal Family, will concede, with us, his claims to distinction.

No. 85.—*Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown*. G. R. Leslie, R.A.—A picture of quiet sentiment is of all others the most difficult to accomplish, and in proportion to the interest of the subject, will be more scrupulously scanned; but no one can paint up to the varied opinions on art. As far, however, as our judgment is allowed, we think the artist has succeeded in his task, at least in two of the principal characters, the Lady Jane and her mother. The beseeching look of the latter is perfect in expression. The young Lord Dudley, on the other hand, is far too boyish and inconsequential, and the kneeling figures appear rather too large for the space

between them and the Lady Jane. The performance is excellent in composition, and executed in the artist's best manner.

No. 13.—*The Embarkation of Cleopatra*, &c. F. Danby, A.—We have traced the performances of this artist from his subjects of obscurity and darkly shadowing masses, in all of which we readily discovered a depth of tone and a compass of effect of no ordinary standard; and now we find him, not only in open day, but in the blaze of sunshine, amidst gold and glitter of every kind. The effect produced belongs to the character of his subject, and his skilful pencil has reached the highest key in this scale of art. Qualities like these, indeed, should be used with some caution, lest, in overstepping the modesty of nature, that essential ingredient should be left out altogether.

No. 92.—*The Portrait of Thomas Laek*, Esq. M. A. Shee.—The pencil of Mr. Shee has ever been distinguished for the care, and, if we may be allowed the expression, the polish of his execution, as well as for a brilliant and harmonious tone of colouring. Neither has there been wanting that "special observance" of nature which gives to art, but more especially to portrait painting, its highest and most valued character. We do not select the portrait of Mr. Laek as an exclusive example of the artist's skill, but as one, from its light and situation, which affords a fair opportunity for inspection. Nearly all his portraits display the fine qualities we have just enumerated.

No. 106.—*A Frost Scene*. W. Collins, R.A.—We cannot in this, as in other performances of Mr. Collins, compliment him on his entire success. There is a difficulty in the subject, under the effect he has chosen to produce with it, which is not easily overcome. His other picture, No. 158, *Buying Fish*, has all the discriminating character and charm of his pencil; and 337, *Children examining the Contents of a Net*, is also worthy of his fame. He is a sweet and delicious artist, and never fails to please and interest.

No. 81.—*Portrait of the Daughter of a Nobleman, in an old English Dress*. H. Howard, R.A.—Mr. Howard, in common with every artist of ability and taste, has endeavoured to introduce into his portraits an individuality and costume, which, without departing too abruptly from the existing mode, shall have enough of the pictorial to render his subjects more attractive, or at least less evanescent than existing fashions might make them. He has rung the changes upon the Florentine, and now exhibits the Italian and old English costume; but whether for the sake of variety, or to give his portraits a more collection-like appearance, is of small consequence. If painting, in any shape, is to influence as well as to delight, it ought, one should think, to have operated, from the pleasing examples invariably exhibited by our best artists, in counteracting, in some measure, the deformities or (as we have said on a former occasion) the monstrosities introduced by the folly of fashion. This, however, does not appear to have been the case in the head-dress of our females: they can look upon the portraits of taste and elegance with which the exhibition abounds, and retain the hideous curls, which still make them look like *Houlets* rather than pretty women. "There is such a thing as common sense," so says Dr. Abernethy; and we wish they would try to find some of it in this respect. Mr. Howard's new style is at once picturesque and pleasing; his execution careful and effective.

No. 24.—*Good Children*. J. Bennett.—Good children ought to be encouraged, and we

should have been glad to have seen the picture of them better placed. We do not remember to have met with the artist's name or works before; but we may venture to augur well of his talents from this specimen. The style is broad and efficient, though a little more care in finishing would further recommend it.

No. 18.—*Listening to the Violin*. W. Gill.—The performance of this more than promising young artist is in a similar *low* situation with the above. The subject is treated with the same truth and fidelity of character which have distinguished his other admirable little productions, and the listening group are well worth stooping to inspect.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *The Passes of the Alps*, &c. No. II.

By W. Brockedon.

If we spoke in terms of almost unmeasured praise of the first number of this artist-like and beautiful publication, we are not inclined, from examining the second, to withdraw one iota of that high praise. On the contrary, we consider it to be, if possible, superior in literary interest and in art to the foregoing, and altogether a work most creditable to Mr. Brockedon's talents, and to our native school. The route is from Turin to Grenoble, by the pass of Mont Genève; and nothing can be more picturesque than the subjects. The engravings by E. Finden are exquisite; and Westwood, T. Barber, C. Varrall, and J. Redway, have shewn themselves his worthy coadjutors. Again we repeat, it is not in our power to say too much in favour of this publication.

*The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare*, &c. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. 8vo. Nos. 1 and 2. London. Cadell, Rivingtons, Baldwin and Co., Bookers.

SHAKSPEARE, illustrated after the manner in which Retch illustrated Faustus, is an excellent idea; and, as far as these two numbers go, it is excellently fulfilled. The Tempest and Macbeth furnish each twenty appropriate subjects, which have been selected with much taste, and executed with infinite spirit. Quotations and descriptions accompany the outlines, and every lover of Shakspeare, or of graphic beauties, will be prone to possess the work.

*The Lovers' Quarrel*. Painted by Newton; engraved by C. Heath.

It is generally improper to speak of any book, painting, or engraving, in the superlative mood; and we often check our pen when about to write *most*, and place in its stead the strong, but more accommodating *very*. In the present instance, however, we will venture to use the doubted word—this is the *most* beautiful gem of its class which we have seen. The picture is well known; but Mr. Heath seems to have given new loveliness to the lady's countenance, while, in every other part, it is impossible to describe the skill with which he has rendered the heads in light or shade, the costume of various materials, the accessories, the back ground—in short, the whole. We would not take ten pounds for our proof impression.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death  
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,  
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,  
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair—

His body was lean and lank—

His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur  
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,  
This goblin of grisly bone?  
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd  
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh  
(For the man was a coffin maker)  
To think how the mutes and men in black suits  
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church—  
Quoth he, "we shall not differ."  
And he let them alone, like figures of stone—  
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,  
In fear they could not smother,  
And he shot one through at once—for he knew  
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,  
And he gave a snore infernal:  
Said Death—"he may keep his breath, for his  
sleep  
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach  
So slow that his fare grew sick;  
But he let him stray on his tedious way—  
For Death only wars on the quick.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,  
In the spirit of his fraternity;  
But he knew that sort of man would extort,  
Though *summon'd* to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further—  
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,  
And a doctor that took the sum;  
But he let them be—for he knew the "fee"  
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,  
And he gave him a mortal thrust—  
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,  
And he marked him out for slaughter—  
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,  
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,  
But the game wasn't worth a dump,  
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,  
To wait for the final trump! T. H.

#### TRANSLATION OF THE GERMAN LINES

Under the Portrait of Martin Luther (1546), recently discovered by Mr. Lemon, Sen. in the State Paper Office.

"Pestis eram virus: moriens, tua  
Mors ero, Papa!"

PROUD Pope! with reason I can say,  
Thy pestilence through all my day,  
I ever have been known;  
By me, thy lewd unholy bands,  
In German and Italian lands,  
Have all been overthrown.

Mine was the voice that roused the throng,  
In pure devotion, fearless, strong,  
God's kingdom to defend:  
These, with his sacred gifts endued,  
The truth divine have still pursued,  
Unwearied to the end.

Could tyranny consign to death,  
Gladly would I resign my breath,  
For still, thy scourging rod,  
From Luther's grave my works and name  
Shall wake for thee a fatal flame,  
Though I repose in God.

O yes!—nor distant is the hour,  
When one shall rise to blast thy power—  
Hear my prophetic voice!

Thou, and hell's host, on every shore,  
Shall fall, at last, to rise no more,  
While all the good rejoice. T. G.

*From the French of Madame d'Houdetot.*

In youth I loved, that happy age,  
Which, like the lightning, glided by;  
When came the season to be sage,  
Love found me still his votary.  
Behold me in the "vale of years,"  
No more by youthful pleasures blest;  
Love cheers my hopes, consoles my fears,  
And makes amends for all the rest.

T. A.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### ANECDOTES OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MR. GIFFORD.

THE world has already been furnished with information relative to the life of Mr. Gifford, by his own pen, in the exquisite piece of autobiography prefixed to his *Juvenal*; and this is sufficient for the general purposes of history. But a simple knowledge of the succession and influence of events which befall men of eminence, is not all that a reasonable curiosity may require. We love to remove the veil which screens their domestic characters from our sight—to draw a chair round their fireside—to listen to their conversation—to sympathise with their sorrows—to rejoice with their mirth. And thus circumstances, in themselves unimportant, become ennobled with a delight and an interest when associated with recollections of the good or the great. Impressed with the truth of these reflections, I shall throw together a few random anecdotes of the late Mr. Gifford. My family was intimate with him; and I had the honour of enjoying his acquaintance from my birth. One of his most remarkable talents, was the extraordinary rapidity with which he devoured knowledge; and the most remarkable proof of it, perhaps, was his having fitted himself for the university after being but two years at school. Very shortly after his arrival at Oxford he was informed that he need not trouble himself with any further attendance at the mathematical lectures, as he had already carried himself as far in the science as the university required. His sagacity and quickness of apprehension were indeed discoverable on all occasions; it was impossible to converse with him upon any subject, however trifling, without having this forcibly thrust on your notice; and it was considerably heightened in conversation by the peculiar animation and intelligence of his eye, an almost unvarying feature in a sensible face. His acquaintance with matters the most minute and insignificant was equally extraordinary:—as an instance, I remember a lady telling me, that having broken a valuable china basin, she accidentally mentioned the circumstance a short time after to Mr. Gifford; when he, to her great surprise, instantly gave her an excellent receipt for repairing it.

One of his earliest serious attempts at poetry was an elegy on the death of his first friend and patron, Mr. Cookesley,—displaying a singularly classical correctness for one so slenderly acquainted with English literature as he then was, and occasionally equalling in pathos the most successful productions of the kind. I have subjoined it at the end of this article; though not so much for its intrinsic merits, which are, however, very considerable, as for the interest which necessarily attaches to his earliest productions. It was composed whilst he was at college. I have also before me five eclogues,

written probably whilst he was at school; they are in the manner of Pope, and have much of his harmonious flow: probably Pope and Virgil were the only pastoral poets with whom he was acquainted at the time of their composition.

There is also among his early poems, though of considerably later date than his eclogues, an ode to the present Lord Grosvenor, then his pupil; and which is one of the happiest of his youthful efforts: in the exordium he obviates any objection that might be taken to his premature devotion to the muses. In a correspondence with the daughter of his patron, he prescribes for her a course of reading in English poetry; adding occasional criticisms of his own, explanations of poetical figures, &c.: these letters are exceedingly curious: the criticisms, coming from one so young, are, of course, not very subtle or refined, but distinguished by that elegance of taste and discrimination which characterised him to a remarkable degree.

When abroad with his pupil, he kept his acquaintance well informed of his adventures, in a series of most entertaining letters: his descriptions are exceedingly humorous—many highly picturesque. Perhaps it may arise from unconscious partiality—but I read his letters with as fresh a delight as if they had been written yesterday, and were addressed to myself. I wish to write the little I have to say in perfect good humour; and, therefore, shall but incidentally hint at his political character: but his "dearest foes" must acknowledge, that his integrity was unimpeachable, and his opinions honest. He disliked incurring an obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinion. Agreeably to this, he laid down a rule, from which he never departed—that every writer in the *Quarterly* should receive so much, at least, per sheet. On one occasion (I dare say others occurred, but I only know of one) a gentleman holding office under government, sent him an article, which, after undergoing some serious mutilations at his hands preparatory to being ushered into the world, was accepted. But the usual sum being sent to the author, he rejected it with disdain, conceiving it a high dishonour to be paid for anything—the independent placeman! Gifford, in answer, informed him of the invariable rule of the *Review*, adding, that he could send the money to any charitable institution, or dispose of it in any manner he should direct—but that the money must be paid. The doughty official, convinced that the virtue of his article would force it into the *Review* at all events, stood firm in his refusal:—greatly to his dismay, the article was returned. He revenged himself by never sending another. Gifford in relating this afterwards, observed with a smile, "Poor man! the truth was, he didn't like my alterations; and, I'm sure, I didn't like his articles; so there was soon an end of our connexion."

His objection to asking a personal favour was, owing to the same principle, exceedingly strong. If the united influence of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly* be considered, as may probably be justified, in assigning to Gifford's literary support of government, a rank second only to Burke. His services, at all events, formed a very powerful claim to any moderate favour in the power of ministers to bestow; and yet, though anxious at all times to gratify the wants of his needier friends to his utmost ability, his aversion to soliciting the bounty of government was seldom overcome: on one occasion, indeed, in particular, he exerted his influence in favour of the son of a deceased friend; but, undoubtedly, not without

being driven to it by such importunity as left an application to ministers the less of two evils. About two years before his death, he wrote, I believe to the Chancellor, requesting a small living for a distressed relative of his first patron: his request was not complied with. But then it should be remembered, that at the time it was made, the *Quarterly* had passed into other hands. Othello's occupation was gone; and Gifford had to digest, as well as he could, the mortification which commonly awaits every political writer, of finding that the favour of a government is self-interested, extorted, and ungrateful. It is true, his independence of opinion might seem to be interfered with by the situations he held; but they were bestowed on him unsolicited, and from motives of personal regard. I am sure every one acquainted with him will admit, that he would have rejected with scorn any kindness which could be considered as fettering the freedom of his conduct in the smallest degree. I am not more certain of many conjectures, than I am that he never propagated a dishonest opinion, nor did a dishonest act. He enjoyed a very close intimacy with Mr. Pitt: he used to mention that when he dined with the minister *tête-à-tête*, or with but a few chosen others, a servant was never permitted to remain in the room. The minister's "dumb waiters" were as serviceable in his private as in any other house.

Amongst other engaging talents, Gifford possessed that very agreeable one of telling a story well, in singular perfection. The gist of trifles of this kind depends principally on the manner in which they are told. Many people acquire a right over particular stories, which, from their peculiar happiness in relating them, become exclusively their own: but Gifford had an inexhaustible supply, and his arch drollery rendered all almost equally good. I will merely mention one, the first that occurs, which has nothing particular in it, but which he contrived to render exceedingly entertaining.

While at Ashburton, he contracted an acquaintance with a family of that place, consisting of females somewhat advanced in age. On one occasion, he ventured on the perilous exploit of drinking tea with these elderly ladies. After having demolished his usual allowance of tea, he found, in spite of his remonstrances to the contrary, that his hostess would by no means suffer him to give up; but persisted in making him drink a most incredible quantity. "At last," said Gifford in telling the story, "being really over-flooded with tea, I put down my fourteenth cup, and exclaimed with an air of resolution, 'I neither can nor will drink any more.' The hostess then, seeing she had forced more down my throat than I liked, began to apologise, and added, 'but dear Mr. Gifford, as you didn't put your spoon across your cup, I supposed your refusals were nothing but good manners!'" He was a great tea-drinker himself, though not equal to the encounter of these Amazons: he generally had some brought to him between 11 and 12 at night, besides the regular meal which every one makes of tea who can afford it. I remember, when I complained once that I had met with some bad tea at a house where I had been dining, a friend observed, "Your host has not enough of a gentleman's polish about him to set a right value on good tea." Estimated by this standard, Gifford was the very first of gentlemen—none of my acquaintance have such delicious tea as he used to give. The ladies used to complain of its being too strong; but they, seeing they have nerves, are quite out of the question.



Gifford always—that is, for the last twenty years of his life—dined at four, and drank tea at six, and for several years slept immediately after dinner till tea time. Then he was always glad to see his private friends: it was at this meal that I saw him for the last time. He was for many years exceedingly feeble, and so dreadfully oppressed with asthma, as very often to be entirely deprived of speech. The fatigue of business entailed on him by the Review, and the various calls with which he was incessantly harassed during the morning, produced an overpowering exhaustion, which tends to sour the temper or excite irritability. And if, when suffering under the complicated misery of distressing bodily disease and mental exhaustion, he occasionally became fretful or peevish, the most illiberal cannot withhold indulgence, nor the most malignant affect surprise. He continued the editorship of the Quarterly much longer than a just regard for his health authorised: but no successor that was proposed pleased him; and nothing but a bodily decay, little short of dissolution, compelled him to resign. He never stipulated for any salary as editor: at first he received £200, and at last £900 per annum; but never engaged for a particular sum. He several times returned money to Murray, saying "he had been too liberal." Perhaps he was the only man on this side the Tweed who thought so! He was perfectly indifferent about wealth. I do not know a better proof of this, than the fact that he was richer, by a very considerable sum, at the time of his death, than he was at all aware of. In unison with his contempt of money was his disregard of any external distinction: he had a strong natural aversion to any thing like pomp or parade. A very intimate friend, who had risen like himself from small beginnings, having taken his doctor's degree, conceived his importance to be somewhat augmented by this new distinction. Having called on Gifford shortly after, he brought the subject on the *tapis*, and observed, with evident self-satisfaction, "But I hope, Gifford, you won't *quies* me, now I'm a doctor?" "Quis thee! God help thee! make what they will of thee, I shall never call thee any thing but Jack." Yet he was by no means insensible to an honourable distinction; and when the University of Oxford, about two years before his death, offered to give him a doctor's degree, he observed, "Twenty years ago it would have been gratifying; but now it would only be written on my coffin." His disregard for external show was the more remarkable, as a contrary feeling is generally observable in persons who have risen from penury to wealth. But Gifford was a gentleman in feeling and in conduct; and you were never led to suspect he was sprung from an obscure origin, except when he reminded you of it by an anecdote relative to it. And this recalls one of the stories he used to tell with irresistible drollery, the merit of which entirely depended on his manner. I know an excellent mimic, who was immeasurably delighted with the story, but who never could produce more than a smile, with all his powers, by repeating it. It was simply this:—At the cobbler's board, of which Gifford had been a member, there was but one candle allowed for the whole coterie of operatives: it was of course a matter of importance that this candle should give as much light as possible. This was only to be done by repeated snuffings; but snuffings being a piece of fantastic coxcombry they were not pampered with, the members of the board took it in turn to perform the office of the forbidden luxury with

their finger and thumb. The candle was handed, therefore, to each in succession, with the word "snuff" (anglice, "snuff") bellowed in his ears. Gifford used to pronounce this word in the legitimate broad Devonshire dialect, and accompanied his story with expressive gestures.—Now, on paper, this is absolutely nothing; but in Gifford's mouth it was exquisitely humorous. I should not, however, have mentioned it, were it not that it appears to me one of the best instances I could give of his humility in recurring to his former condition. He was equally free from personal vanity. A lady of his acquaintance once looked in upon him, and said she had a rout that evening, and endeavoured by every inducement to persuade him to join it. "Now do, Gifford, come in: it will give such an *éclat*," she added, patting him familiarly on the shoulder, "to say, 'There is Mr. Gifford, the poet!'" "Poet, indeed! and a pretty figure this poet," he answered, looking demurely on his "shrunk shanks," "would cut in a hall-room!" He was a man of very deep and warm affections. If I were desired to point out the distinguishing excellence of his private character, I should refer to his fervent sincerity of heart. He was particularly kind to children, and fond of their society. My sister, when young, used sometimes to go to spend a month with him, on which occasions he would hire a pianoforte, and once he actually had a *juvenile ball* at his house for her amusement. \* \* He formed an attachment for his pupil which no subsequent circumstances could abate. The change in his lordship's political sentiments did not shake Gifford's unalterable affection for his character. He, on the other hand, met this attachment with an equal degree of warmth: their mutual respect was built on principle, and reflected equal honour on both. In Gifford's last protracted illness, when he was in bed, or asleep on the sofa, during the greater part of the day, Lord Grosvenor occasionally ventured on an infringement of his strict orders not to be disturbed, and walking on tiptoe to his side, used to gaze on his almost expiring instructor!

Of Gifford's kindness to children I had numerous instances in myself. While at school I received more presents from him than from all my other acquaintance put together. Nor was his liberality confined to the importunities of a school-boy, as my more considerable prodigalities at college found in his bounty an unfailing remedy. The last time I heard from him he wrote to discharge a bill for me; and that, too, at a time when the labour requisite for writing a letter was such as to exhaust him. The reader will probably smile, but I wish to be understood literally. His debility for many months previous to his death was such as to incapacitate him for the smallest exertion—even that of writing! I called on him some little time ago, and learnt he was on the sofa; having undergone the fatigue of having one foot washed, which entailed an exhaustion requiring a glass of wine and an hour's sleep to restore him. He would sometimes take up a pen, and, after a vain attempt to write, throw it down, exclaiming, "No! my work is done!" Excessive infirmity rendered existence a great burthen: the most common and involuntary thoughts, in their passage through his mind, seemed to leave pain behind them. He was once talking with perfect tranquillity—as indeed he always did—of the approaching termination of his life, when the friend with whom he was conversing expressed a hope that he might yet recover, and live several years: but he added, "Oh! no! it has pleased God to

grant me a much longer life than I had reason to expect; and I am thankful for it: but two years more is its utmost duration." He died exactly two years after using these words. At my last interview with him, he spoke of Valpy's new edition of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus: he said, "I examined the former numbers, but finding it clumsily done, I left off." I spoke of Ford, and observed that the public would be more gratified by an edition of that dramatist than of Shirley; adding, that it was a pity so noble a writer should have no worthier editor than Weber. At the mention of this man's name he seemed irritated, and said, rather angrily, "He's a sad ignorant fellow." The formal demolition of this poor man, to which he has condescended in his own edition of Ford, may seem like breaking a gnat on a wheel; and can only, indeed, be accounted for on the supposition, which is, however, probably a correct one, that Weber was only the *ostensible*, and a much greater antagonist the *real*, editor. Speaking of Dryden, whose genius he admired exceedingly, he observed, "Dryden's Besetting Sin was a want of principles in every thing." I used sometimes to send him the Etonian, which was published whilst I was at school: I found this no bad speculation. He had a great admiration of the poetical powers of the author of *Godiva*: he said, after reading that poem, "If Moultrie writes prose as well as he does verse, I should be glad to hear from him"—meaning, he should be glad to receive an article from him. He once quoted to me, with great glee, the two lines in *Godiva*,

"Loefric thought he had perplex'd her quile,  
And grin'd immensely at his own sagacity";

adding, with a laugh, "they are admirable." I was at his house shortly after Sheridan's death: I took up a magazine, which had for its frontispiece a head of that orator: Gifford, observing my attention to be directed to the picture, asked what it was? On my informing him, he stretched out his hand for it: "Aye! it's very like him," he said. He looked at it for some time with a melancholy air, and returned it, merely observing, "Poor Sheridan!" In truth, his kindness of heart was universally warm and strong. He was greatly attached, amongst other domestics, to a cat and a dog; which last was the most exquisitely proportioned spaniel I ever saw. These two used to take great liberties with him; but he never permitted them to remain in the room during dinner; and it was amusing to see this pair of domestics spontaneously walk out of the room together on the appearance of the first cover. He survived Tabby; and poor Fid is not likely to be long in following his master; for natural decay has entirely deprived him of locomotion; and he is at present sleeping away his existence in a lethargy few degrees removed from death. By the by, this little fellow shewed one very remarkable piece of sagacity: he used to bark upon the arrival of any other carriage at the door, but never at his master's.

Mr. Gifford was short in person; his hair was of a remarkably handsome brown colour, and was as glossy and full at the time of his death, as at any previous period. He lost the use of his right eye, I believe, by gradual and natural decay; but the remaining one made ample amends for the absence of its fellow, having a remarkable quickness and brilliancy, and a power of expressing every variety of feeling. His head was of a very singular shape; being by no means high, if measured from the chin to the crown; but of a greater horizontal length

from the forehead to the back of the head, than any I remember to have seen. I believe he would have puzzled the phrenologist strangely; but that is an ordinary occurrence; and I, not being a disciple of these philosophers, shall not concern myself in their distress. His forehead projected at a right angle from his face, in a very uncommon manner. The portrait of him in his Juvenal, taken from a picture by his friend Hoppner, is a very good likeness: but there is a still better, painted by the same artist, from which I understand Mr. Murray is now having a print taken.\*

A few days before his death he said, "I shall not trouble myself with taking any more medicine—it's of no use—I shall not get up again." As his last hour drew nearer, his mind occasionally wandered; he said once—"These books have driven me mad,—I must read my prayers—" singular words, as coming from a man deeply impressed with religious feeling. (By the by, I remember seeing in his library what appeared to be a paraphrase, or translation of the Book of Job, in his own handwriting.) Soon after, all power of motion failed him; he could not raise a tea-spoon to his mouth, nor stir in his bed. His breath became very low, and interrupted by long pauses; his pulse had ceased to beat five hours before his death. He was continually inquiring what time it was. He once faltered forth, "when will this be over?" At last, on his nurse coming into the room, he said, "now I'm ready; (words he generally used when he was ready to be moved) very well!—you may go." These were his last words; on retiring, the nurse listened behind the door; she observed the intervals of his breathing to grow longer;—she re-entered the room just in time to catch a breath that had a little of the strength of a sigh.—It was his last! The few who saw him afterwards, agreed that the usual serenity of death was exceeded by the placid composure of his countenance.

#### EPIGRAMS.

##### Elegy on the Death of Mr. Cookesley.

'Tis night, dead night, and drowsy sleep descends  
To shed his poppies o'er a nation's eyes;  
But not my couch the partial god attends:  
Nor stays my tears, nor calms my bursting sighs.  
Restless I start, and, by the moon's pale gleam,  
To Isis' willow margin bend my way;  
Ah! never, Isis, by thy sacred stream  
May wretch so lost to hope, to comfort, stray!  
Once free and sportive as the sylvan choir,  
I ranged thy wild meand'ring course along;  
Drew from thy hallow'd urn ideal fire,  
And tun'd my reed to many a blithsome song.  
Thist sportive range, that blithsome song, are past,—  
Adieu the muse's charm, the poet's pride!  
The scene was saden'd, and the day o'ercast,  
And every pleasure lost, when Cookesley died.  
Dear, honour'd name!—but cease, ye tears, to flow—  
A moment cease—the while with pious care  
I cull the freshest, earliest sweets that blow,  
And weave unfading garlands for thy bier.  
O, Thou, whose magic pow'r all pow'r defies!  
Whose roving wing nor time nor space confine!  
Say, wilt thou listen to a wretch's cries?  
Say, wilt thou heed a voice as faint as mine?  
Come, then, sweet soother of the woful train,  
Delusive Fancy! visionary maid!  
And bear thy suppliant to the distant fane,  
Where the dear relics of his friend are laid.  
'Tis done. The melting scene dissolves in air,  
And other streams and other groves arise.  
Rev'rend I kneel, and kiss, with holy fear,  
The consecrated earth where Cookesley lies.  
There first I'll strew each bright each fragrant flow'r  
The fields of Pandus at my call supply,  
And o'er his ashes shed the tenderest show'r  
That ever fell from sorrow's gushing eye.

\* There is also an admirable likeness of Mr. G. later in life, in miniature, by W. H. Watts. It was done only a few years since.—Ed.

Then, while remembrance opens all her store,  
While friendship means her half-extinguish'd flame,  
I change the string, oh doom'd to nirth no more!  
And in sad numbers celebrate his name.

O you, that give the tuneful breast to glow,  
Whatever haunts, whatever names you choose,  
Native of heav'n, or bright Parnassus' brow,  
Effluence of God! Pure Fire! or Sacred Muse!

Be present now, and prompt the grateful lay  
To many a deed of genuine friendship due;  
All hopeless else the debt of love to pay.  
I call—auspicious be the call!—on you.

He never learnt the mean, the selfish art  
To soothe the baseness that he disapproved;  
Free were his thoughts, and open was his heart,  
And ever partial to the worth he loved.

Averse from guile, and easy to believe,  
The tale of unfeild misery gain'd his ear;  
He dared not think another would deceive,  
But held all language like his own, sincere.

Off from the sick, by med'cine's happiest pow'r,  
He turn'd the dire impending blow aside;  
From others turn'd—but heav'n had fix'd his hour,  
And med'cine's happiest pow'r in vain was tried.

Nor solely to that godlike art confined  
His genius and his worth conspicuous shone;  
His were the nobler virtues of the mind,  
His the warm tear for sorrows not his own.

Go, ask the pensive maid of joy forlorn,  
Whose counsel check'd, whose pity charm'd her sighs?  
Go, ask the helpless widow left to mourn,  
Who wiped the streams of anguish from her eyes?

Go, ask the woe-worn wretch to want a prey,  
Whose bounty cheer'd affliction's hateful gloom?  
Go, ask—ah! fond inquirer, haste to me,  
And read thy answer in this humble tomb.

Ambition never fired his gentle breast;  
Allike unknown to meanness and to pride,  
Avarice ne'er broke his soft untroubled rest,  
Nor int'rest lured his steady steps aside.

When virtue rose, unwonted joy he found,—  
The triumph and the glory were his own;  
When virtue fell, he also felt the wound,  
And Heaven has heard the deep, th' impression'd groan.

Yet cruel envy all his life pursued;  
Envy, of merit still th' ungrateful meed,  
His every act through jaundiced optics show'd,  
And pour'd her venom o'er each generous deed.

But whither roves my verse? Ye gentle few,  
Whose bosoms throb at ev'ry tale of woe,  
Come, your dim eyes suffused with pity's dew,  
And give with me the mournful stream to flow.

It is not hoary age demands your tear,  
Nor either'd line by lin'ring sickness broke;  
The pride of manhood and of strength lies here,  
The victim of a momentary stroke.

Lord, what is man? The coyest, tenderest flow'r  
Is not so subject to the least annoy.  
A breeze can shake his blossom of an hour—  
A sunbeam blight it, or a frost destroy.

Oh! have I said—"Cookesley, yet some few years  
Amid an Irisome world of toil and strife,  
Then will we quit thy follies and its cares,  
For the calm halcyon scenes of rural life.

There, when late-time shall silver o'er thy head,  
Mine be the task thy friendship to repay,  
To tend, ere yet the vital spark is fled,  
The dim lamp glimm'ring to its own decay.

In death's sad hour, close lock'd in my embrace,  
To catch thy fleeting breath, thy parting sighs,  
Bathe with innumerable tears thy clay-cold face,  
Kiss thy wan lips, and close thy beamless eyes."

Such hopes I nursed; but human hopes how vain!  
Compounded with forgotten dust he lies,  
Nor mine the task his dying limbs to strain,  
Catch his last breath, or close his beamless eyes.

And is he gone? Go, then, ye flat'ring joys,  
That wont erewhile my fainting steps to cheer,  
What time, as Heaven benign, his soothing voice  
Eased ev'ry doubt, and banish'd ev'ry fear.

Ah me! who now that comfort shall bestow?  
Who now stand forth the father and the friend?  
Pity the hard a prey to hopeless woe,  
From winds protect him, and from storms defend?

No more—Love reproaches th' unworthy strain  
That mingles salt with bleeding friendship's moan;  
Then let not int'rest teach thee to complain,  
And, in thy Cookesley's loss, to mourn thy own.

His loss? his triumph! then he claim'd thy tears,  
When shrined in clay life's thorny maze he trod,  
Obnoxious to the thousand, thousand cares  
That vex the tenants of this drossy clod.

Now bursts of joy th' enfranchis'd soul should hail,  
While Faith's firm eye pursues her eager flight  
From the drear confines of death's shadowy vale  
To the fair regions of immortal light.

Where pleased she moves th' ethereal ranks among,  
Full of the bliss almighty love inspires,  
Joins the rapt seraph's unexpress'd song,  
Feels all their zeal, and glows with all their fires.

No more I grieve: transplanted from its stand,  
The flower, whose breath perfum'd congenial skies,  
Exhales no fragrance in a distant land,  
But sickens for its native soil, and dies.

So virtue, issuing from the Eternal's breast,  
Wanders below all darkling and forlorn;  
Casts many a longing look towards her rest,  
And droops impatient of the ling'ring morn.

When, kindly freed from ev'ry earthly tie,  
She mounts exulting to her first abode,  
The inextinguish'd source of love and joy,  
"The bosom of her Father and her God."

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### PENCIL MEMORANDA FROM TALMA'S DIARY.

THE Sanhedrin were convoked by Napoleon, as he himself has told me, the day after my performing in *Esther*.

Players who dress in a wrong costume are to blame, because they impart false notions to their audience respecting historical subjects.

The last time that Le Kain performed *Vendôme*, he placed a lady, to whom he was attached, behind the scenes; and he never played the part so well as on that occasion. Le Kain, in his performance, resembled the flying of the eagle, which rises but slowly at first. He never strained after universal applause—the only way to become a good artist. He was twice cheered in *Mahomet*: for this it requires a great command over the public.

To curb one's own powers is the surest way to be appreciated. It has cost me fifteen years of my life to free myself from all my loud talking. One does not know all the difficulties of this art; it requires a longer time to become a good player than to become a good painter.

The Emperor talked of me in his first bivouac after his landing at Cannes. Doctor Jenner solicited Napoleon, through Corvisart, for the liberation of two Englishmen, which he granted. To me he granted the same for another, although the Minister of the Marine assured me he would not have allowed such favours to his mother or his brothers.

The Emperor said to me, after he had witnessed my performance in *Nero*, "Talma! we make history."

When I perform a scene well, I repeat the same behind the scenes.

My house in the street Victoire, was before, and at, the Revolution, the place of rendezvous for all the most distinguished persons.

After the reading of *Johanna Gray*, the Emperor said to the Empress, "You would not have refused the throne, you!" And, when speaking of *Hector*, he said, "This is a piece that might be performed in a camp."

The Emperor once said to me, that if Corneille had been alive he would have made him his prime minister.

I have brought the wearing of unpowdered hair into fashion.

The Emperor said to us respecting Berthier, who fled with the king to Ghent, "The Emperor cannot pardon Berthier, but his old friend Buonaparte will forgive him if he would but return."

I write down, from my conversation with Mirabeau, what Robespierre once said: "A nation that has gone through a revolution requires another sort of tragedies. Tears shed whilst talking aloud do not move."

\* For this expression he is indebted to Milton, a poet whom he studied as long as he studied any thing.

### SIGHTS OF LONDON. VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THESE Gardens opened on Monday, and what with tedious vaudevilles, cold, rainy weather, indifferent music, and premature fire-works, they have attracted as many persons, fearless of catarrhs and agues, as could reasonably be expected. Our uncertain weather is sorely against fresco entertainments; and we do not think the improvements (so called) made on these Gardens this season, are likely to countervail the effects of climate. A system of interval imposition has for some time been growing up, which renders them very chargeable on parties. Of old, we had only to pay for entrance and for such viands as were called for; but now there is cost in every corner. There is a price for boxes wherein to hear the music; a price for seats whence to see the performances; and at length, the open space for viewing the fire-works has been farther encroached upon to erect a large gallery, and visitors are called upon to pay a price also for that accommodation. It is a cunning thing to superadd half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, in this way in detail: the expense though greater, is not so obviously seen and felt, as if Eight or Ten shillings were charged in bulk at the door for admission. The practice will probably deter many families of the middle and better ranks of life from going to Vauxhall; and the consequence will be, that those idle and dissolute persons who do go, for other purposes than the amusements of the place, will by degrees drive every thing like respectability away from it, and occupy the entire scene.

### DIORAMA.

THE Diorama in the Regent's Park has re-opened with two novelties—Saint Cloud, and Ruins in a Fog. The former is not so clever a representation as we have hitherto been accustomed to see; but the latter makes ample amends for it, and is a perfect illusion. In Paris there is a superb diorama of Edinburgh during the great fire, which we could wish to replace St. Cloud, as we believe the artists and proprietors are the same. This, with the Ruins, would form a spectacle still more deserving of popularity, and reward the spirit of the exhibitors.

EPSOM AND ASCOTT RACES.—The multitude of whimsical appearances and of droll accidents which attend horse races in the vicinity of our great city can hardly be conceived even by the most potent imagination, and the scene must be witnessed to be understood or believed. We last week saw the exhibition of London pouring forth its odd and various swarms to Epsom; and in a few days Ascott is to display its more select glories. We cannot therefore take a fitter time to mention a publication which has been lying by us for several months,—Pierce Egan's print of the Road from Town to Ascott Heath. It is a roll of some four or five yards in length, on which there is an extremely humorous delineation of every kind of vehicle, under every kind of circumstance, which may be seen from Hyde Park Corner to the Race Course. The chain is perfect throughout, and the groups, whether tragic or comic, extremely laughable. Here, at the very onset of the journey, is a higgler enticing his overladen Rosinante to proceed on its way by holding hay before its nose; and there are a posse of undertakers using a hearse to convey them to the place of merriment. Here is a quarrel and horsewhipping, there an overturn; here, a tax-cart and a four-in-hand

in ruinous collision; and there, a complete spill of a very numerous and mixed company. The whole is very diverting; and if taken from the roller and framed, (line under line, about four feet in length,) the picture is about as amusing a thing as can well be hung up in a waiting-room or lobby. If we remember rightly, there is a similar composition, by the same droll hand, devoted to the diverse incidents of Epsom.

### MUSIC.

WE shall confine our musical Paper in this No. to *A Set of Gleees, written and composed by Thomas Moore, Esq.* which has just enlivened the tuneful tribe. In a brief preface, Mr. Moore expresses wonder at his own hardihood in presenting to the public such a work of his own composition; and, goodhumouredly enough, assigns the merit of all the scientific ornaments, beyond the simple harmonies, to his coadjutor Mr. Bishop. Be it as it may, we have here seven very catching glees; and we doubt not that many a festive board will be charmed into "hip, hip, hurrahs!" the name of one of them, by the performance not only of that one, but of the others. As we cannot, however, give any taste of the music (which is extremely simple and sweet), we beg leave to quote two of these glees as poetry.

#### The Meeting of Ships.

When o'er the silent seas alone,  
For days and nights we're cheerless gone,  
Oh they who've felt it, know how sweet  
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.  
'Ship a-hoy!' our joyful cry,  
Sparkling at once is every eye,  
While, answering back, the sounds we hear,  
'Ship a-hoy! what cheer, what cheer!'

#### The Watchman.

Good night, good night, my dearest,  
How fast the moments fly!  
'Tis time to part, thou hearest  
That hateful watchman's cry.  
'Past twelve o'clock!'—good night!  
Yet stay a moment longer—  
Alas! why is it so?  
The wish to stay grows stronger,  
The more 'tis time to go.  
'Past one o'clock!'—good night!  
Now wrap thy cloak about thee—  
The hours must sure go wrong,  
For when they're past without thee,  
They're oh! ten times as long.  
'Past two o'clock!'—good night!  
Again that dreadful warning!  
Had ever Time such flight?  
And, see the sky—'tis morning—  
So now, indeed, good night!  
'Past three o'clock!'—good night!"

### THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

WITH the eighth concert, on Monday last, was closed this year's series of these excellent entertainments. The performances, with very few exceptions, have been such as not to detract materially from the long-established reputation of the institution; and there is every probability that it will go on next season with the same success as it has done for so many years. The principal attractions on Monday were the vocal pieces of Madame Stockhausen and Madame Caradori, and Kiesewetter's violin quartett of Mozart. Mozart's Terzetto from Idomeneo, by those two ladies and Curioni, was as great a musical treat as could be enjoyed.

Madame Stockhausen made a very successful *début*, and lost little or nothing in comparison with Madame Caradori, with whom she was well matched, inasmuch as her style is similarly elegant and unaffected. Her voice, though

not very powerful, is very sweet and clear. Beethoven's 8th sinfonia, otherwise the least popular of any, probably because it has never yet been properly understood, gave great satisfaction, as did also Mozart's sinfonia in D, and Weber's overture "Der Beherrscher der Geister."

### DRAMA.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

A NEW opera, *Mary Stuart*, was produced at the King's Theatre on Thursday, for the benefit of Pasta. The music, composed by Coccia, is very beautiful—the action of the piece heavy—the acting and singing of Pasta, Puzi, and Curioni, excellent.

#### WHITMONDAY.—MINOR THEATRES.

ON Whitmond, most of our lesser theatres renewed their career; and the multitude abroad at that holytide pretty well filled them all.

Astley's, with Ducrow and his horses, could not fail to draw. This is the true place for the hippo-drama, and the extraordinary feats performed (no matter in what disguise of story or form of fable and plot) are well worthy of being seen by the young seekers of amusement. The spectacle is striking, and Ducrow rides his four or five horses better than many worthy denizens of London rode one horse at the Derby.

The Surrey theatre has returned to the possession of Elliston, whose efforts did so much for it some years ago. On the first night the worthy manager indulged himself in a superabundance of oratory. Nobody cried Spoke, Spoke, and he made a speech at every possible opportunity. As this display, however, is not so much required after being fairly settled on the premises, there is no doubt but the entertainments will proceed prosperously. Elliston is still a capital actor, and may be seen to great advantage on a stage, by performing on which and adapting himself to its capabilities, he rendered his style less effective on a wider scale. We hope he will long play the hero here, and have crowded audiences. He seems to be adequately supported by a various company.

The Cobourg opened also, we believe; but it is a house which has seldom found us among its spectators. When we have gone, we generally met with sad ranting, overstrained melo-drame, and pathos most lachrymose, and passion in tatters.

### VARIETIES.

*Northern Expedition.*—The Hecla arrived, all well, at Hammerfest, on the 19th of April. The rein-deer for drawing the boats over the ice were immediately expected from Alten, and Captain Parry anticipated that by the middle of May he would reach the northernmost parts of Spitzbergen.

*Major Laing.*—At a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Jomard, the President, stated that letters had been received from Mr. Warrington, Major Laing's father-in-law, and the English Consul at Tripoli, adverting to the report of Major Laing's death; but adding that it was without foundation. M. Jomard also announced, that a letter, dated the 5th of May, had been written to M. Arago by the Baron de Humboldt, who observed in it, that, according to the accounts of some Moorish merchants who had arrived at Tripoli, Major Laing and Captain Clapperton had succeeded in meeting at Tombuctoo, and were living there very quietly. It thus appears that the



most recent intelligence contradicts the rumour of Major Laing's death.

**Perpetual Peace.**—This was first the dream of Leibnitz, and after him of St. Pierre. A new visionary has appeared at Paris, who, with a single stroke of his pen, demolishes all the little obstacles to his project which exist in the differences of politics, religion, laws, manners, prejudices, &c. among nations, and then proceeds to divide the world into eighty-four states, to which, with wonderful ease, he assigns their respective governors of various ranks and denominations; all under eleven patriarchs, at the head of whom is to be—the Pope!

**Volta.**—At the age of 82, this great man has terminated his honourable career. He was born at Como, in February 1745. When his classical studies were completed, his destination was undecided. After hesitating for some time between science and literature, the former prevailed. Two treatises, published in 1769 and 1771, placed Volta among the most celebrated natural philosophers of that period. In 1774 he was appointed regent of the gymnasium of his native town; but the University of Pavia could not dispense with so able a professor, and in 1779 he was called to the chair of physics, which he continued to occupy until 1804. His long labours having injured his health, he was compelled to relinquish teaching; but the University of Pavia did not lose him. Volta did not marry until he was fifty-one years of age. He has left several sons worthy of their illustrious father.—*Foreign Journals.*

**Haarlem.**—The Teylerian Society at Haarlem has offered a gold medal, of the value of 400 Dutch florins, for the best answer to the following question:—"Is the time in which we live distinguished or not as an epoch of good sense and humanity? If the affirmative, give the indications and the proofs of it. If the negative, demonstrate it. In either case, produce the result, honourable or dishonourable, towards the existing time." The answers may be written in either Dutch, Latin, French, English, or German; and must be addressed to the Teylerian Society, at Haarlem, before the 1st of April, 1828; in order that the decision may take place before the 31st of December of the same year.

**French Population.**—The Baron Dupin has published a very curious and interesting treatise, although somewhat tinged with a certain political colouring, on the changes that have taken place, and that are taking place, in the character of the population of France. He calculates that a fourth of the population living at the time of the empire, no longer exists; that two thirds of the present population were not born in 1789, the epoch of the convocation of the constituent assembly; that the men who at that time were twenty years old, form now but a ninth of the whole population; and lastly, that the men who were twenty years old at the time of the death of Louis XVI., form but a forty-ninth part of the whole existing population. The baron maintains, that old prejudices are rapidly dying with old men; and that, with the rising generation, a new, moral, intellectual, and physical system is growing up, which must, ere long, place France in a state of extraordinary power and eminence among the nations of Europe.

**Presbourg Gazette.**—A Gazette in Latin would have a strange effect in those countries of Europe in which the language of the ancient Romans is no longer in familiar use except in colleges; and in which it would be very amusing therefore to see the phraseology of Cicero and Tacitus employed to describe daily events,

and state the existing notions and wants of the people. It is not so with the Hungarians, who discuss, if not with elegance, at least with facility, national affairs in Latin of their own fashion. When the dictionary does not furnish adequate terms, they invent them; and sometimes, rather forgetful of the Ciceronian style, they merely translate into Latin words, German and Hungarian phrases and modes of speech. The Presbourg Gazette, which is printed in Latin, would have exceedingly diverted the ancient Romans; but they would have wanted a particular dictionary to comprehend it. It is necessary to be initiated into Hungarian Latin to know that *celer tabellarius* means a courier; *Diarium Discussionum*, the Journal des Debats; and *corporis custodes*, the soldiers of the royal guard. The matter becomes worse when the Gazette speaks of some of the Hungarian public functionaries; and details the titles and qualifications which accompany their names. The designation of a single individual sometimes requires six or eight lines, wholly unintelligible to a foreigner.

**Vesuvius.**—M. Monticelli, the Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples, and M. Covelli, a member of the same academy, have published the first volume of an intended work on the mineralogy of Vesuvius. It will be a most laborious and valuable production. The present volume treats of simple minerals; that is to say, minerals of homogeneous chemical composition, and susceptible of crystallisation. It contains the analysis of no fewer than eighty-two kinds of minerals; and the descriptions, accompanied with plates, of an almost infinite variety of crystalline forms; nearly a hundred of which are not mentioned in the last edition of Hall's Mineralogy. The classification adopted is that of Berzelius.

**Forum Hadriani.**—The Baron de Westreenen de Tiellandt has lately published an interesting account of the remains of the ancient Forum Hadriani, situated near the Hague. A mosaic pavement, fragments of statues, a golden sieve, a large quantity of silver medals of various Roman emperors, a lamp, a cinerary urn, some jewels, and other valuable articles, medals of the Lower Empire, coins struck in the time of Charlemagne, &c. prove that this was an important establishment, which survived the destruction of paganism.

**Sculpture.**—Casts from Mr. Lough's admirable Milo, and group of Samson slaying the Philistines, are about to be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. Every friend to genius must rejoice to find that he has been enabled to proceed thus far on his course, the splendour of the end of which, if not impeded by indiscreet friends and admirers, it is impossible to foresee. Some discouraging remarks have been made upon these designs and the artist in some of the journals: this is not generous, and is, in our mind, to be equally deprecated with noisy enthusiasm.

**Mummies.**—In a recent *Literary Gazette* we gave an account of two mummies of *Atlantides*, brought from Tenerife to Spain, and thence to England. We are informed that at a conversazione at Mr. Sass's next Monday, these relics of an ancient world are to be shewn and commented upon. How much would one give if they could find tongues to reply to the many conjectures and remarks which will probably be made upon them? How much would they astonish the sagest antiquarians?

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Series of Views (quarto) in the Isle of Wight, illustrative of its picturesque scenery, castles, fortresses, and seats of nobility and gentry, is on the eve of publication;

from drawings made during the last summer, by Mr. F. Calvert, under whose superintendence the plates will be coloured, so as to have the effect of well-drawn drawings. It will comprise views of the coast, as well as of the interior, accompanied with descriptions.

A Prospectus has been issued for publishing by subscription, Views Illustrative of the Scenery and Antiquities of Northern Africa; in the regions of Nubia, and the country above the Cataracts of the Nile; of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Cyrenaic Pentapolis, and the shores of the Greater Syrtis. From drawings made on the spot in the course of several journeys, by H. W. Beechey, Esq. F.R.S.

Mr. Robinson, whose works on architecture are so generally known, is about to produce a New Vitruvian Britannicus in numbers. We have seen specimens of the forthcoming first number, which is dedicated to *Webster Abbey*. The engravings are excellently executed; and we have been much interested by the interiors of the Statue Gallery, &c. where so many splendid productions of art are preserved.

A Translation of the Life and Writings of the German patriot and poet Körner, is about to appear, ornamented with engravings.

Mr. McCreery is about to publish a Second Part of his Poem of the Press.

We have just received a Catalogue of Mr. Ackermann's Sale of Stock (on removing to his new and handsome Repository), which consists of no fewer than 2,877 lots. There are some very rare and valuable books among them—many fine originals—a multitude of capital drawings, engravings, &c., and a host of fancy articles to tempt our lady-friends to all kinds of ornamental but pleasing extravagance. The sale will continue eight days from Monday next.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Pettigrew's *BIBLIOTHECA SUSSESIANA*, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 3s. 13s. 6d. bds.—Hooker's *Musculologia Britannica*, 8vo. plain, 11. 11s. 6d.; coloured, 3l. 3s. bds.—Rouillier's *Mythologie*, 18mo. 6s. 6d. hf. bds.—Ellis on the *Ear of Cistron*, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Chronology of the Bible*, in cases, 4s. 6d. bds.—*Deady's Grammar*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Build on Infant Baptism*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Bingham's Discoveries*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Immortality, or Annihilation*, crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Stray Leaves*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Thomas's Domestic Medicine*, 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Daniell's Meteorological Essays*, Part II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Abundities*, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Citizen's Pocket Chronicle*, 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

Day.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 31	From 50. to 65.	29.59 to 29.66
June.		
Friday . . . 1	46. — 65.	29.60 — 29.70
Saturday . . 2	46. — 60.	29.65 — 29.50
Sunday . . . 3	40. — 63.	29.75 — 29.70
Monday . . . 4	43. — 63.	29.70 — 29.65
Tuesday . . 5	48. — 54.	29.74 — 29.63
Wednesday . 6	44. — 63.	29.53 — 29.68

Prevailing wind S.W.  
Except the 31st ult. and the 4th inst. generally cloudy, with rain.

Rain fallen .2975 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude . . . . 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude . . . . 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having allotted a considerable portion of our page to-day to what we cannot but esteem a very interesting paper on the private life of the late William Gifford, and an original and touching poem from his hand; and having, besides, had many temporary matters of popular curiosity to attend to, as well as a new poem by the entertaining author of *Whims and Oddities*, we trust the postponements we have been obliged to make will not be felt as a loss by our readers; though we have to regret that the President's Address to the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. Millington's Lecture on Steam and Gas Engines, three or four Reviews of new works, and several other articles intended for immediate publication, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

The name of a person, some weeks since, unfortunately appeared in the *(not Literary) Gazette*, who was designated as "a scribbling miller." A Correspondent begs to be informed, whether this is the same gentleman who usually reports the fights.

Declined.—R. D. B. W. S.

Mr. Editor.—I recommend all your readers connected with the manufactory of steam-engines, hydraulic presses, power-looms, &c. &c. to get rid of their stock in hand as soon as possible. A Frenchman has made a discovery that will ruin them all; it is a—thing which, without employing fire, water, steam, horses, wind, hand, or any other known power, can, notwithstanding, exert any power at will, from a watch movement to 100 horse power, worked only by a boy of from 12 to 15. It is not liable to be out of repair, and costs nothing to work it, save and except the wages of the said boy; and the thing of 100 horse power will not cost 400. English engineers, hide your diminished heads! for he is no engineer who invented this eighth wonder of the world. He says he is taking out his patent in France, and means to take it out in every other country. A statue of manna gold would be too poor a monument for such a benefactor of humanity.—*Pierre Letter.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open Daily to the Public from Nine in the Morning till Six.

T. D. EGGERTON, Secretary.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, will CLOSE on Saturday, the 23rd of the present month.

Open every Day, from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

## THE FOURTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, by most of the celebrated old Masters, now open at the Bristol Institution, selected from some of the most valuable private Collections, is fully equal to either of the three former Exhibitions, which have been so favourably mentioned in the London Periodical Publications. We observe in the Catalogue the following, among other Masters of eminence, Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Carlo Dolci, Domenichino, Titian, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Nicolas Poussin, Rembrandt, Perugino, Murillo, Veronese, Claude, Cypriano, Rembrandt, Both, O. Douw, C. Claude, Tintoretto, Vandyck, Gaspard Poussin, Ruyssdael, Correggio, Van der Weyde, Berchem, &amp;c. &amp;c.

The facility of access for Carriages to his New Premises, and the convenience for their waiting in Beautiful Buildings, are advantages to which he cannot refrain from directing their attention.

R. ACKERMANN has the honour most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that he has removed the Business carried on by him above Thirty Years at No. 101, Strand, to the New Premises a few Doors off, No. 96, at the East Corner of Beaufort Buildings, where he flatters himself that he shall be favoured with the continuance of their Patronage. He begs leave to intimate, that, independently of an extensive Collection of Works of Art, he has provided a small, with every variety of Drawing Materials, Fancy Articles, &amp;c. &amp;c.

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Dedicated, with permission, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

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